



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

Years ago, one dull and misty day when the sea was turbid and the sky was hidden until we seemed to sail under a canopy of vapor, I made my first trip through the Azores. Eight days had been spent at sea, days and nights and sea of turbulence, and when the great steamer reached the quiet waters between the islands and I saw mountains, and pastures, and vineyards, and villages, I felt humiliated by the conviction that I had always regarded the Azores as simply little spots on a blue ocean, with the sea itself as merely a colored spot in a geography, not having real existence anywhere else. No rumor had reached us at home of any life, any politics, any great event on or in the Azores. To me at least the dots had seemed simply a geographical expression, looking a good deal like fly-specks and disturbing what would have been otherwise a nicely colored blue ocean bordering on the Straits of Gibraltar. Many times afterwards islands loomed upon my evidently undeveloped mind as looking extraordinarily larger than the spots on the map, spots much more diminutive in the West Indies than the names surrounding them.

I imagine these object lessons did something to teach me that geographically we know something of the existence of places in the reality of which we have no great confidence. We are quite content to believe that certain islands and countries exist, but never for an instant does our imagination devote itself to mentally calling up the size of these places, or the pursuits of the people, or the social customs or feuds or pastimes of those who live there. Engrossed by our own pursuits we pass over all these things, until at some time we are brought up sharply by a stranger coming into our circle or an island looming out of the mist, or our entrance into a great port out of our trend of travel and really meaningless to us—except geographically.

Such has been my experience in a recent and somewhat extended trip in the New World south of the equator. Places that meant nothing except as geographical terms have become well defined. I know people who live there; in a limited sense I have lived there myself, and the world is just that much larger to me. No doubt there are many others who have shared my own ignorance, while doubtless many who have read the history of those countries and have followed with interest the politics of the people, have had a much more definite and reasonable conception. South America meant to me pictures in Morse's geography of gauchos throwing lassos, of negroes picking coffee, and to these perhaps might be added some vague recollection from Lovell's geography or an occasional faint impression obtained from an encyclopedia of ancient churches and women wearing mantillas. All these impressions may have had some vague, far-away resemblance to the truth; but the real life, the real meaning, the enormous extent of the countries included in a variegated fragment of a map, probably have dawned on few of us. Do not get nervous and think that I am at once about to plunge into reminiscences of travel; I am only bordering on a general thought of where we got many other impressions which haunt us when occasion calls for the materialization of some prejudice or peculiarity of belief.

While we have obtained our ideas of geography with some degree of accuracy from school-books, and yet are forced to admit that they are so ridiculous that we scarcely dare confess them to one another, we have got our ideas of religion, of a hereafter, of what might not irreverently be called our ideas of religious geography, from text-books which are much less definite than the charts which mariners have given us as a basis of the latitude and longitude of far-away places on the globe which is our present and reasonably comfortable home. Dante gives us our idea of the Inferno, and Milton with his Paradise Lost fills our mind with strange imagery which finds no substantiation in Holy Writ. We people the air with palaces and great white thrones, and cities with streets of gold and walls of onyx and jasper, and other things better known to mining experts than to the average citizen. The thought that crowds on me is whether we have not been possessed of strange religio-geographical ideas that are indefinite and unreal, and as far separated from our lives or reality as many of those we possess with regard to distant lands and countries that bloom beneath the same sun, but in different latitudes and longitudes from those to which we are accustomed. Logically it may be a very poor suggestion, but it is one that comes. Is there much unlikelihood that the strange ports into which our boats may drift after death will not startle us by their reality and their similarity to what we have known? It certainly comes to me as a comforting thing after having had a little opportunity to see strange parts of the world, that the only surprise that we are apt to meet is the comforting humanity of all the people, the opportunities in worse countries than our own of being better than we would be at home, the few temptations there are to be worse, even where people are worse. In the places where we unexpectedly discover people who are in some respects much better than those to whom we are accustomed, the striving to be as good as the stranger is stronger than that to be even reasonably good where conventionalities compel us! The cutting of one's little life away from its moorings and the tendency to drift into strange harbors brings, I think, even to

the most careless voyager, comparisons with drifting into strange and unknown worlds which we must confidently believe were created by the same Divine Power that created us. Is it not probable that we will all be surprised that in the best that can be found there will be a great deal which much resembles the "old folks at home?"

Coming back home, the natural reverses one meets, suggests that home is not the only place. Absence makes the heart grow fonder of home, and one always looks, in a foreign country, with a mingled feeling of tolerance and contempt at the odd and unreasonable things people do, and wear, and eat. When one comes

cludes a man's self, his immediate business, and that which concerns him for the moment. Beyond this, the Canadian is capable of being sublimely and unselfishly patriotic, and it is a grand thing to see him in this attitude. Perhaps he was never so disposed to retain his pose in this matter as at present, when Canada is the most prosperous country in the New World. It is a little difficult to analyze the attitude of the man who has been a trifle subservient to his neighbor, when he becomes suddenly and fiercely strong as to his own rights. At first blush he seems to be something like the woman who had for many years borrowed a brass kettle from her neighbor, but finally got one of her own, when at once she

to resent them; and even if the spirit which leads to resentment at the present moment is rather that of success than of noble defiance, the spirit remains historically more beatific and beneficial than the small cringing of the past.

I speak of this as one coming back and seeing the change, marked and marvelous. Scarcely understanding so great a transformation, it is utterly impossible to understand a man like John Charlton, M.P., who stands in Parliament and tries to resist a movement that is as irresistible as fate. No matter what comes up, he seems always to be the first to find a point of our encroachment on the United States. Of course we all esteem at its true worth his beautiful piety as regards saw-logs, and the ineffable beauty of his character in regard to those Christian principles which involve the success of his lumber interests, but it becomes wearisome when his active and all-embracing benevolence embraces the Yankee nursery and the business of the fruit-growers of the United States. He may, if he works hard enough at it and is left long enough in Parliament, raise the age of consent from eighteen to eighty, and he may prevent everybody doing anything on Sunday which could not with propriety be manoeuvred in a graveyard, but he is fighting against a tide that the world has never been able to turn back when he resists the pro-British sentiment of Canada.

Stopping Sunday papers is not obnoxious to SATURDAY NIGHT as a business proposition, but as a matter of fact it remains rubbish all the same. Names and date-lines would be changed and the papers would be sold quite as numerous, and publishers would no doubt take a little more pains to prove that they can do business in this Dominion in spite of unfriendly legislation. It was a remarkable evidence of the affinity of extremes when Dr. Montague joined hands with Mr. Charlton in making this bill acceptable to the House of Commons. It was Dr. Montague, was it not, who, as Minister of Agriculture, had such extraordinary success in crossing the prairie-hen with a jack-rabbit so as to produce a woolly egg that would not freeze in a North-Western climate? And no doubt the half-breed measure of Montague and Charlton would have been quite as popular and useful as the woolly egg. The people of this country are fond of experiments, and they watch the experimenters with interest if not admiration; but it is doubtful if any of us will live to see any fool-measure grafted on our legislation which will not do harm to those who, on the surface, it might appear would be the beneficiaries. There are limits, it is to be hoped, to all the fads and fantasies of politicians. People want good ordinary common sense, a chance to make money and to preserve some sort of a remnant of conscience which is not everlastingly conducted by Mr. Charlton into collision with the Criminal Code.

In all capitals there is a certain liability to err in the direction of thinking that the great voting public is only made up of one class, though in Ottawa the French-Canadian element—really much more cosmopolitan in its instincts than are the people of Ontario—is likely to correct this as regards moral faddists. There the favorite is more liable to be, not the man who carries a bible that overpowers him, but the gentleman who has a contract or a pull that makes him walk heavily on one side. The gentlemen who are and have been doing the business of working the Government are men of means, or, like Hamilton Smith, of presumed means; and it must not be forgotten that the ordinary Canadian is not a man of means, though he means to have the collateral if he can get it. It is not unlikely that envy is being excited by the gentlemen having large wages even if they have large heads. The trouble seems to be that the amount of clamor that can be raised is used as the scale for measuring the patriotism of those who are getting some-

the corner grocery-keeper. It would be well that these people were listened to a little more, yet it seems impossible under the circumstances to make arrangements for more haranguing to be heard by the Ministerial ear.

The Ministers are busy, and yet it is sometimes said that they have created a great deal of their own business; that, in fact, they have fathered, feathered, adopted, or whatever you may call it, subjects upon which they have to be talked to. It is quite possible they are thinking about leading topics and the people are thinking about leading topics, but the thinking may not run on parallel lines. It is possible for great men to be thinking and doing a great many things a great deal faster than what may be fairly called "public opinion" overtakes. They know also there is a chance that they may chafe themselves out of a job by being too swift for those who would good-naturedly like to intervene. These kindly-tempered folks who are in the intervening business have opinions; some of them are well informed and some are not. Those who are not well informed are of course strongest in their opinions; but the only thing that is necessary to make them thoroughly obnoxious is to send them home without a chance of telling what they think. It might be well in view of what we had in the late Government—which has been in the nature of a more or less solemn warning—that the people at Ottawa might listen a little more; and if they have not time to listen, to make more time. I do not mean that delegations are unheard—there has never been a more attentive administration in this respect—but the great throng of outsiders are not quite sure that they are being considered.

In this connection, wouldn't it be a little hard to tell just what has called down the wrath of the public on the head of the Hardy Government? The Government personally was composed of Respectable, rather ostentatiously respectable, people, yet it is not going too far to say that Ontario—outside of the official class—has got more or less sick of them. No government can come as near defeat without having a reason for its unpopularity, no matter how old it is. Admitting all things and scanning the members of the Government, and listening to the cry for a change, and yet believing that virtue can conquer all things, we can hardly find objectionable people amongst them, unless people can become objectionable by being too confoundingly respectable—or selfish. Piety of a pretentious sort is, and has been, prevalent. The Lord's Day Observance people found men in the Local Government and Legislature ready to fall upon their necks; advocates of prohibition were quite as much at home in the Ontario Legislature as they could possibly have been in a temperance lodge or a class-meeting. If any society had to be started to stop anything, misdirect anything or interfere with anybody, a delegation always found a welcome in the Parliament Buildings. The goodness, the awful goodness of these people became wearisome, uncoupled as it was with anything more saintly than the performance of their duties as book-keepers and watchmen whose counterparts could or should be found in any large grocery or butcher-shop. If anybody wanted an audit, the Prime Minister would lead in prayer; if somebody wanted an account of a certain transaction, the Minister in charge of the Department would preach; if some naughty thing had to be done to secure an election, some smooth Minister of the Crown was ready to go out and hold a bible-class on the disputed territory; and I think if we are to find a reason for the weariness of the public we are most likely to find it in the popular disgust which this sort of thing has occasioned.

People are inclined to be pious once a week, but not seven times a week, particularly with politics mixed in. They are quite willing to go to bible-class and to hear exhortations, but somehow they separate the days when they choose to do that from the days when they attend to their politics. A great many people wish to take a few of their little recreations and reconstructions straight. Sir Oliver Mowat was a past master at administering these religio-political doses, but when fingers which had been mixed in pies and political puddings that were not altogether free from the garlic of naughtiness, began to wear Episcopal rings when they were making dishes for the alleged guileless public, a certain nausea crept in, and it is liable to stay in, even if chief cook Whitney begins to make the political pastry for Ontario. Bro. Whitney should be very careful not to make the mistake of anointing his beard too heavily with the ointment of churchism and class legislation. We are quite willing to see him in prophetic guise, for it has been admitted that new prophets might become popular, but he should not be heavily laden with the unctuous things with which the old prophets used to drip. It must not be forgotten that these garments of excessive goodness, even like unto garments of cloth, wear out. A man who buys a suit of clothes that is exceedingly well made and has great durability, is apt to wear them until they are shabby and shine with a past respectability. We do not quite want Mr. Whitney and his friends to parade in the old and shiny garments of a tea-meeting Ministry; their popularizing act is to get new things, shapely things, and to attract our eyes by being well groomed and with a fashionable, go-ahead appearance. If anything is liable to make the public sick it is to see the new leaders—as they would have us consider them—arrayed in the



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone has retired to Hawarden, and news of his death may be expected at any time. He was born on Dec. 29, 1809, and is now in his 89th year.

home, if the absence has been long enough one is occasionally overtaken with a sense of pity for the trouble that is taken and the time and energy that are wasted in doing things which other peoples, who appear to live quite happily, find quite unnecessary. As an example of how one can plunge from one thing into another, in less than two weeks I changed from 110 in the shade to 15 degrees below zero. A hundred and ten in the shade was a frightfully disagreeable place. It was a poor, mean little town where the thermometer was weakly pulsating at the rate quoted; the food was none too good, and the lodging was worse. Men and women, however, strolled about in the evening quite content with the temperature, which of course was then reduced, and there was something gay and full of color in their lives and habits. The foreigner looking on with his mind filled full of home and memories of the bright lights within picture-brightened walls, of course felt that they were simply people who happened to be born wrong, or at least born in the wrong place, and he would like to be wizard enough to transport them all to his Canadian home town, where life would mean so much more. When I landed in the North with the mercury of the thermometer residing at No. 15 Below Zero street, my teeth rattling and every impulse directed towards getting near a red-hot stove, I thought of the Southern town with a good deal of affection. As I pulled my ulster around my ears and tried to get my hat down to protect the side of my face, a pretty town where the southern sunbeams danced and the rippling of the fountain was only broken by the tinkling of the guitar, seemed a dream of comfort and loveliness. The home food was good, but it fell into a cavity that seemed congested with cold; the bed was clean and comfortable, but it was a toboggan-slide. Every time a door opened one felt that his lights were going to be blown out, and I felt the full force of the comparison when a Peruvian gentleman who had accompanied me north enquired if it were at all possible that the Klondike was worse than this.

As this sort of thing convinces one that there are other places than home and that home has its disadvantages, so circumstances make one remember with regret the kindly and gentle manners of the South as compared with the brusque and argumentative attitude of the men of the North. Nevertheless, there are no braes so bonny as ours, no air so clear and pure as ours, no patriotism which beyond the first circle of selfishness is quite as unselfish as ours. (The first circle of selfishness is that which in-

declared that lending kettles was all wrong, and as far as she was concerned she would neither borrow nor lend. Canadians have been rather liable to think that they ought to keep up an attitude of friendliness that would do for borrowing purposes anyhow, but now that things are different they are disposed to look upon British connection as sufficient reason for giving the Yankees the worst of it. That such a change of front should be brought about by Canadian prosperity may not be pleasing to Uncle Sam, but it is certainly pleasing to the few who have always been ardent in their contention that there is more money and satisfactory sentiment in an Imperial policy than in a pretended affection for those who have never actually had any use for us. The curve may be a little sharp, but the Canadian people cannot take it too rapidly. We have waited long and patiently for our turn, and now that we are prosperous there should be no compunctions about any old kettle-lendings of the past.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

At the time of their marriage.

There is no place in the world where so much suffocating sweetness has been wasted upon an arrogant neighbor as in the latitude of the fiftieth parallel. As Sir Richard Cartwright said in Parliament the other day, the smallest South American republic would not tolerate the arrogance of the Homestead Bill, chased so summarily by a few fanatical Yankees through the Congress of the United States. The Dominion of Canada has suffered longer the most grievous wrongs from its neighbor than any other country in the world, and has been slower

thing out of the administration. Sometimes, though unusually, men with large funds of information have very little to say, while those who have large funds to invest can spread their feet all over an office. This may be quite right, but it is inadvisable to work it too hard. There are a great many people who are anxious to talk, who are being temporarily suppressed. They may not be worth hearing, but a man who is anxious to talk is sure to let himself out on somebody, and if he does not get the ear of the Minister of His Choice he will get the ear of

politically frayed and joint-worn coats and trousers of their so-called effete and somewhat officially bow-legged predecessors.

It might be worth the while of Mons. Whitney *et al* to consider the wearable novelties of the season in politics. The old whang-doodle oratory, for instance, might be dropped; we have had enough of that. The prayerful windiness of Mr. Marter might be suppressed with good to everybody concerned, though not only it, but all this tiresome and thoroughly discredited goody-goodyness might very well be left in the background. The people who are not jostling one another into church and the weekly prayer-meetings throughout this country make a very numerous and frequent voting population. They have not been considered for so long that it might be smart to think that they were worth mentioning. These people have more or less property; they do not make quite as joyous a sound as the others, but they are much harder to suppress. It is quite right to cultivate the opinion of the good, but it is a very great mistake to ignore the presence of those who are not quite sure of their spiritual calling and election, but are very handy on election day.

Now that the wrecking of the U. S. man-of-war Maine is exciting so much interest and is so liable to create international complications, it may be interesting to recall the fate of the warship Blanco, sunk just a few years ago in the port of Caldera in northern Chile. After that frightfully sanguinary conflict between the Chileans and Peruvians, when Chile was flush with cash and the income of the nitrate beds which had been seized from Peru, a revolutionary party arose, determined on the overthrow of President Balmaceda and his Government. He had been inclined to spend the money wrung from Peru in schoolhouses and public improvements, which did not quite meet the approbation of what was called the constitutional party. This party, headed by the admiral of the fleet, revolted and seized all the ships in the harbor of Valparaiso excepting one. This ultimately meant that the revolutionists had all the naval talent and all the ships, barring one large one and two torpedo boats. During the progress of the civil war the man-of-war Blanco lay in the harbor of Caldera—and it may be mentioned that Caldera is not much of a harbor either; the officers were on shore enjoying themselves, for they were fighting for the constitution and against the President, who was rapidly losing his grip. On the Blanco no steam was up and the sailors were asleep, when one of the torpedo boats which the legitimate Chilean Government had saved, slipped around the headland and landed a torpedo in the bowels of the Blanco, and it sank at once to the bottom, involving the loss of over three hundred lives. The story is told that when the officers on shore heard of the fate of their ship they ran and jumped into the sea, and then swam ashore to show what narrow escapes they had made, and it is said that one was even drowned under those none too perilous circumstances. When Chilean fights Chilean in this rather cold-blooded manner, it does not seem impossible to an onlooker that the wreck of the Maine was caused by Cuban insurgents who desired to embroil Spain and the United States. Even if it were merely a phase of the Cuban insurrection, it was still not as cold-blooded as the sinking of the Blanco, and yet it was such tactics as would hardly be resorted to by ordinary nations even in deadly conflict.

However, this sort of thing is merely a phase of the Latin-American character. The people do not seem to care for their own lives, and they carry with somewhat too easy jollity the notion that no one else cares for his life. This sort of thing is by no means the most despicable form of conduct. Men who are taught to hold life cheaply may or may not have other virtues; men who are taught to hold life as the most expensive and desirable thing may or may not have virtues which should make the preservation of their lives a matter of any moment to anyone but themselves. The comparison of the two characters simply teaches us that there are other standpoints than ours of viewing private and public affairs. Only those who have the experience can judge as to whether those who preserve their lives at any cost are better fit to live than those who are willing to risk their lives in any cause dear to their hearts. It is quite possible that we may purchase immunity from sudden death, or even the preservation of a long period of life, at too great a cost. It is equally possible that a man may obtain sudden death without sufficient compensation, or inflict sudden death on other people without sufficient provocation. However this may be, it is worth weighing the benefits and disadvantages before deciding too rashly whether either side is all right or all wrong, or how much real good sense there is on both sides. The sinking of the Maine and the sinking of the Blanco, and the similarity of the loss of life in both cases, afford good comparative instances. In one case the Maine is supposed to have been sunk by people who had no racial or temporary friendship for the sailors on board ship. In the other the ship was sunk by Chileans and the people who sank were Chileans, and after both instances the world rolls on just the same.

May it be deemed permissible for me to remark with presumably something of the calm judgment of a visitor, that in the last year Canada has made most marvelous strides in prosperity and in the development of her resources. Circumstances have afforded me opportunities of seeing a great many of the sections of the United States, a great deal of Mexico, Central and South America, and in no part of the New World is there anything like the buoyancy of spirit and general prosperity of Canada. To the individual the return of good times and the first ripple of the tide of really unusual prosperity may not have appeared as the premonitor of a great wave of what we have been hoping for. Even a year's strangeness from one's home and an opportunity of returning within one's own country from Victoria to Montreal to see what has happened, makes one more impressionable; and if one is subjectively prepared by other surroundings and circumstances, the inflow of ideas and new conceptions is possibly of more value than a steady feeling of the pulse maintained

by those who have never left their counting-house or factory. Good times are not coming to us; they are here. Much can be done to make us feel the personal advantage of changed circumstances. Much more can be done to still further improve the advantages and to accelerate the incoming of the tide. Still much more can be done to use the opportunities which have always been at our hand, with an eye to the creation of permanent trade. I imagine if the Canadian people once feel the strength of their position that many good things left unexploited will be undertaken. What perhaps we have lacked has been the courage of our circumstances and convictions. We have a right to a great deal of trade that we are not now obtaining, but it has been held to be an idle scheme that either individually or as a nation we should spend money on obtaining this trade when we are already doing—though in a faulty manner, or faithlessly to our nationality—less than half of the things which have always lain near our ports.

It is to be hoped in the new order of things that even before we feel the full strength of our position—a strength of position that perhaps has not been altogether of our own discovering—we may undertake to do a portion, if not all, of the things which in a slipshod manner we have left for others to undertake for us. No man can with such satisfaction serve a master as he can serve himself; no man, if he knows his business, can make as much money for a master or a middleman as he can make for himself; no man, unless he is a fool, will serve a master or a middleman whose only care is to keep the servant and his goods out of sight while exploiting his own wares and making a market for the goods he sells. This sort of thing Canada has been doing for the United States; and without, I hope, trying to impress anyone with my alleged knowledge of the facts, or betraying any prejudice against the United States, I shall take occasion to point out how Canada must, if she is to succeed and become the beneficiary of her own good luck and illimitable resources, conduct her business so as to be to a greater extent the arbiter of her own fortunes wherein it lies in her power. Furthermore, it shall be my effort to indicate that as we are always likely to have middlemen to handle our goods—and of course this necessity goes without saying—we should choose friendly and not unfriendly agents. Further, that we must choose capable and well appointed agents who have the market now, and have not, as is the case with the United States, the market to get. Were times harder perhaps the proposals that could be made would be listened to with more attention. But it is no great trial to have one's voice lost in the clamor of good times.

The new Franchise Act may be worth all the trouble it will create, and it may not. A great deal of time will be taken by it out of a session which has already been much given to a special subject. While it is true that the old Franchise Act was conceived in iniquity and carried out in extravagance, we have the machinery so nearly worked out that the Federal Government ought to be able to put it into some sort of decent shape without a great deal of expense. No one who has watched the convulsions of the old Franchise Act can have much respect for it, but it seems to me probably ill-informed mind much better to have one monster than many. Of the Dominion franchise it may be true that the Government has undue power in designating who shall be voters, but this power can be removed from it and systematized so that jerry-mandering and manipulating voting-lists shall be as nearly out of the question as wrong-doing is improbable in the administration of law and the execution of justice. If the new Franchise Act is to include the theory that each province or parish is to make its own list of voters, it is liable to develop into a clumsy and dangerous affair. Argument is unnecessary to prove that the Federal Parliament is competent to decide who shall and shall not be a voter in the Dominion of Canada when the affairs of the Dominion of Canada, as in the House of Commons, are to be administered by those who are elected. The plausible pretext that the Province of Quebec should say who shall vote in federal affairs and voice the opinions of Quebec, loses its force when we recollect that no province is a sovereign power, and while on the other hand it has its requisite number of representatives, can it properly make complaint if no citizen of mature age, free from crime and properly registered, is disfranchised? Neither can Nova Scotia enter any effective protest if every man properly qualified to serve his country as a soldier is permitted to vote. Indeed, it must seem evident to everyone that the qualifications for a voter in federal politics must be essentially different from the qualifications in parish or provincial politics. A man without monetary qualification may have no right to vote that his parish or province shall grant a bonus or engage in some public work which will cause a direct levy on the property of the people, yet the same man has an undeniable right to vote in federal politics in order that he may be represented in the House of Commons, which has to do with the taxes which he must involuntarily pay on the goods coming into the country which he will be to a certain extent forced to consume. Certainly he should have a voice in saying something about the militia, of which he is probably a member, though he may not be qualified under the Franchise Act of some of the provinces. He may be a fisherman without a vote in the province where he is living, and yet he should have some voice in the administration of the Canadian fisheries. He may be a miner and under the laws of the province in which he resides may be disqualified for voting, yet he should have a voice in the management of the mines of this country, unless we intend to proceed on the principle that the mine owners and not the mine operators are to control legislation.

Admitting, then, that every Canadian of twenty-one who is free from the disabilities caused by crime, and who takes pains to register himself, has a right to vote, because in a time of war he would not be given a choice of whether he would serve in the army or not, why should the provinces be given any latitude

as to whether manhood suffrage should prevail or not? This is a matter in which they have nothing to say. The provinces have nothing to do with the making of the tariff, yet every man who buys imported goods or pays excise duties is concerned in the administration of such matters and should have a share in making the laws—this share can only be obtained by general law, and the provinces have no business to figure as provinces in the making of such a law.

Furthermore, the Government in power, though it may seem to have the machinery for making things easy for itself, inasmuch as it is in harmony with the present legislatures of the various provinces, is liable to make a path of thorns for itself in fixing the Dominion franchise so that it may be manipulated by sections and made subservient to local influences. For instance, had such a franchise law as seems to have been proposed, been in operation, the present Government would have been more pleasantly situated in Ontario under that regulation than under the old Dominion Franchise Act. But had the Conservatives obtained power in Ontario, would they not have at once redistributed the constituencies of this province and fixed the voting lines to suit themselves? We know that they have not been superior to manipulations of constituencies in the past any more than the Reform party has been—perhaps even less. Had they been successful under Mr. Whitney—and it is not impossible under our system of government that even yet they may be successful within the next year or two—the Liberal Government at Ottawa would have been placed in a very bad box. Before the next Dominion elections, tides may ebb and flow in provincial politics with greater force than anyone anticipates, and what may seem to be good politics as things now stand may turn out to be very bad politics when things change. However small or great this chance may be, the fact remains that politicians make a great mistake in trying to fix up any one-horse scheme which is to be made superior to public opinion. The days for disfranchising people or of improperly grouping them in order to win political battles, are practically ended. The easiest, simplest and most straightforward method of registering the opinion of Canada is certainly the best and is the one that should be adopted by the Liberal Government, no matter what side issues may seem smart at the present moment.

It is said that a dozen Canadians were employed on the battle-ship Maine at the time of her wreck in Havana harbor. This recalls the somewhat startling information obtained by the Navy Department of the United States some years ago and given to the press, that the large majority of the sailors in the United States navy were foreigners. I cannot just now remember the percentage of Canadians, but it was certainly so large as to make Uncle Sam feel insecure as to how enthusiastic his navy would be in case of a collision with Great Britain. Recently I have had a number of opportunities of seeing how largely the men in the fleets of Great Britain and the United States, playing in the waters of the New World, are of Canadian birth. It seems a pity that this is true, because it accentuates the fact that our mercantile marine, once the fifth in the nations of the world, is not being employed as it should be. The old wooden vessels are going out and steel steamers are coming in—not coming in, but are in. We may still hold our place, but we are not holding the business, though it is an affair of such national importance that it should not be overshadowed by the Klondike or anything else.

Speaking of the Klondike, a great deal of clamor is being raised about the Government permitting whisky to be taken in there. Letters from mounted policemen and others, published in the press here in the East, assure us that whisky and cigarettes are the most easily obtained things in the Eldorado of which everybody is talking over much. If that sort of thing is there with out permission, as we would be led to believe by some statements, issued to quiet the nerves of those who are entering protests, would it not be better to have it there with permission and under proper control? It is impossible to operate societies in connection with the Yukon district as if that were a parish in Ontario. If we are to judge by descriptions of Dawson City everywhere published and nowhere denied, it is a wild and woolly town, not because whisky is taken there, but because the crowds that go there are determined to have whisky and everything else that money can buy. All the preventive officers in the Dominion could not keep the properly manufactured articles from Dawson City, I have been assured by gentlemen returned from there, that imitations much more deleterious than the original article would immediately take its place. I know something of mining towns and of those partially organized districts remote from the influences of the gentler sex and the operation of preventive laws, and I can assure my readers that nothing could be more ridiculous and ineffectual than any attempt to organize the population of a mining gulch into a Sunday school class. The only way to conduct business is to properly organize the sale of the disturbing fluid and to make the revenue sufficiently large to pay the expenses of keeping the place orderly. The Scott Act could never be worked in old Canada because public opinion was not sufficiently strong to support it. Certainly any imitation of the Scott Act in the Klondike, where public opinion is entirely opposed to restrictions, would be a disastrous failure. Where men are separated from good women and the educated impulse to behave themselves, they return with frightful rapidity to a state which in some respects borders on savagery. Then it is law, and law only, that restrains the weak and the wicked; and this can only be done by making the restraints so few and so obviously necessary that no one will dispute the propriety of assisting in the enforcement of the regulations. In the case of probably five thousand people of whom four thousand were accustomed to drink whisky before they went to Dawson City, one can easily see that an attempt at prohibition in that quarter of the world would be

so foolish and futile as to make any government ridiculous that attempted it, particularly when the frontier which would have to be protected is partially that of a foreign nation, and all of it is almost limitless in the opportunities of bringing in contraband articles if the statutes make them so expensive that smugglers can do business while legitimate traders are barred out.

The political interest of the week is centered on the fate of the Yukon Railway Bill in the Senate. Worse things could easily happen the Government than the rejection of this bill by the Senators. On the other hand, no worse thing could happen the Senate than to pass it, even though they propitiate the popular body of Parliament. If the Senate is to have a fight with the Government they will have the best opportunity of showing themselves to amount to something by rejecting a debatable act. It may seem to show small confidence in the Yukon deal to refer to it as a debatable measure, but such it is, and I am not sure that the public opinion of Canada quite endorses it. I could not be more firmly convinced than I am that the Government was honest and patriotic in promoting the deal and believing in the necessity of the immediate construction of the road. I am quite as firmly convinced that Mackenzie and Mann were the only people in the country at the time who had nerve enough and money enough combined to make the bargain, but so much time has elapsed that what was hailed with relief and joy by the country at the moment has been reduced to a matter-of-fact argument in which the pros have had a very good opportunity of getting together everything obtainable with regard to obstacles and crudities. Like all deals hastily entered into—and this was almost a war measure in the pressing necessities of the case and the demand for almost instant action—many points developed later on which no Minister or set of Ministers could be expected to anticipate in concluding a hurriedly made bargain. There were stories of probable starvation and anarchy; the United States was asking permission to intervene, and anti-British peoples were clamoring for the seizure of the territory by the United States. The Canadian Government had to act promptly, and under the circumstances they acted with exceedingly great patriotism and readiness. It is useless for any of us to carp now at details; our hindsight is always better than our foresight, and perhaps very few of us know the enormous good that Canada has already obtained by the action of the Government with regard to the Teslin Lake railway contract. No one not really conversant with the most intimate details of negotiations between Canada and the United States, can tell what effect the ready action of the Canadian authorities had in restraining United States aggression; in turning the tide of trade so swiftly in our own direction, and in restraining the lawless and anti-Canadian impulses of the people who had taken possession of this frost-bitten Eldorado. No nation in the world ever computes as a commercial enterprise the cost of a railroad built to carry troops or to win a battle. Many of these considerations must enter into the estimate of the bargain concluded between the Dominion Government and Messrs. Mackenzie and Mann. Canada has reason to be proud that it had a Government sufficiently strong and swift to make such a bargain. It has a right also to feel a great deal of admiration for the firm that had nerve enough to undertake its part of the bargain; and this sentiment can exist even amongst those who now, after the lapse of months, may feel that under present conditions the deal is a rather crude and debatable affair. I think we all ought to be honest with ourselves in this matter, and certainly we all ought to be just in our estimate of the Government, which, without doubt, acted with a firmness and a patriotism which, even if it took insufficient account of details, has already almost accomplished the purpose of the projected railway. No matter whether the Senate rejects the bill or not, the reputation of the Laurier Administration will not be diminished in the eyes of thoughtful people.

Perusal of the above remarks leads me into a rather apologetic groove. The gentle sense of being back home with my kind readers of so many years has apparently induced a sort of discursive and somewhat incoherent conversation which does not remind me of myself. Perhaps the fact that for some months I have had to attempt to be diplomatist enough in countries much given to punctiliousness, to be always ready figuratively to apologize for being alive, has led me to be guarded in my expressions. I am certain that in another week or two this will wear off, for I am quite sure that circumspection and circumspection, even more than politeness, are less than skin-deep with yours truly, Dox.

Ysaye and Plancon.

HIGH SCHOOL, FERGUS, March 22.
Sir.—Be good enough to give in your musical column this week the proper pronunciation of Ysaye and Plancon. I have pronounced the former as a German word, sounding the final "e," and the latter as a French word with cedilla. You will greatly oblige.
A STUDENT.

We believe that our correspondent's pronunciations are correct, although we incline to the opinion that "Ysaye" is not German, but Belgian. On the streets people pronounce the name "Y-say" and "I-say," but the correct pronunciation is about thus: "Ee-si-yeh," with the accent on the second syllable. With regard to Plancon, the correspondent is correct, the name being sounded thus: "Plahn-son." This is an improvement on Plank-on and Plong-kong, etc.

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Social and Personal.

One of the most enjoyable and informal At Homes was given by Mrs. L. J. Clark, 104 Avenue road, on Friday afternoon last to the ladies of St. Paul's Methodist church. The tea-room was very prettily decorated with flowers and palms, where light refreshments were served. Mrs. Clark was assisted by Mrs. St. Ledger, Mrs. Agnew, Mrs. Spence, Misses Glover, Clark and Leslie in entertaining her guests. Among the ladies who called were: Mrs. Agnew, Mrs. Addison, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Belding, Mrs. Burwash, Mrs. Booth, Mrs. Brace, Mrs. Bewley, Miss Clark, Mrs. Chapman, Mrs. Cork, Mrs. W. A. Clark, Mrs. Cranston, Mrs. Courtice, Mrs. Dines, Mrs. Doherty, Miss Davison, Mrs. English, Mrs. Glover, Miss Glover, Mrs. Gould, Mrs. Green, Miss Green, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Henley, Mrs. Johnson, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Leavins, Mrs. Lawson, Mrs. Meredith, the Misses Plewes, Mrs. Proctor, Miss Peake, Miss M. Peake, Mrs. Roxborough, Mrs. St. Ledger, Mrs. Scott, Mrs. Spence, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Steele, Mrs. Taylor, Mrs. Woolsey, Mrs. Woodley, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Young and Miss Young.

Mrs. Agnes I. Dench of Trenton is the guest of her cousin, Mrs. M. A. Wilcox, 847 Bathurst street.

Professor and Mrs. Clark gave a charming luncheon recently in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Ham. Among those present were: Hon. G. W. Ross and Mrs. Ross, the president of the University of Toronto and Mrs. Loudon, Prof. Hutton, and Mrs. Stratford. The table decorations were simple but very pretty, being pale green silk and Manitoba willow grass.

A very pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mr. J. Skerritt, Arthur, on Wednesday, March 16, when his eldest daughter, Susie Lillian, was married to Mr. Harry Northgrave of the Traders' Bank. The service was conducted by Rev. A. Walton Longe, assisted by Rev. J. W. Magwood. The bride looked charming in a mauve broadcloth gown with pearl trimmings and bridal roses. Miss Louie Allan acted as bridesmaid, Mr. J. W. Northgrave, brother of the groom, being best man. After the ceremony a reception was held, at which about thirty guests took the opportunity to congratulate and bid farewell to the happy couple. Congratulations were also received from Toronto, Buffalo and Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Northgrave left on the 4.10 train for Toronto and other points east. Will be at home at Arthur after April 5.

Mr. and Mrs. Winnett and their daughters are at Atlantic City. This reminds me to mention that next week the sale at the Industrial Rooms, in which Mrs. Winnett takes so much interest, is on the tapis.

The Klondike contingent is to be officered by several well known favorites in Toronto society, Captain Pearce and Captain Thacker among the number. It is possible that the nurses' party to the region of ice and gold dust may also include at least one well known young lady.

Last Saturday evening the Fortnightly Musical Club met at that most charming studio which is the scene of Mr. Dickson Patterson's artistic labors. The new-comers, Madame Young and Miss Grace Buck, were among those contributing to the programme. Mr. Robert Drummond sang delightfully, and the other members of the Club who assisted in giving a musical treat of much excellence were: Mrs. Cameron, Dr. Scadding, Mrs. Garrett, Miss Kieiser, Miss Brouse, Messrs. Hargrave, Hahn, and Thompson. Dainty refreshments followed and many words expressive of the pleasure enjoyed by this very artistic and appreciative coterie.

Mrs. Magurn and Mrs. Anger are back from New York, bringing with them Miss Florence Sutherland on a visit.

Mrs. Auguste Boltz gave a young people's luncheon on Wednesday.

Mrs. and Miss Cawthra, who spent a few days at home, en route from Ottawa to New York, sailed on Wednesday for England. Mrs. Herbert Cawthra has been with her parents during the absence of her husband on a business trip to England. Mr. Cawthra will be home next week.

Considerable interest is being manifested throughout the musical circles of the city in the complimentary banquet to be tendered by the members and executive of the Mendelssohn Choir to their late popular conductor, Mr. A. S. Vogt, whose enforced retirement from the position he has so brilliantly filled since the inception of this well known organization was announced some time ago. It will be held in the Confederation Assembly Hall on the evening of April 4, when an appropriate testimonial and address will be presented on behalf of the Choir. Many of the most prominent members of the musical profession, among whom Mr. Vogt is held in the highest esteem, have expressed their pleasure at being allowed the privilege of contributing to the success of the gathering, and the enthusiasm at present manifested indicates that the entertainment will undoubtedly prove eminently successful both from a social and musical standpoint. Among those who will participate in the musical programme are such artists as: Miss Bessie Hunsall, Mrs. N. B. Egan, Mrs. Drechsler Adamson, Miss Jessie Perry, Miss Mabel Bertram, Mr. H. N. Shaw, B.A., Mr. W. E. Rundle, Herr Rudolf Ruth, Herr Klingensfeld and his string quartette, comprising Sig. Napolitano, Sig. M. Gionna and Herr Paul Hahn. In addition to the above the society will render several of their most popular choruses. Mr. W. E. Rundle is president and Mr. F. H. Herbert the secretary of the committee having the arrangements in charge.

On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of next week the Industrial Room Society will hold its annual sale in Assembly Hall of the Confederation Life Building, corner of Yonge and Richmond streets. On Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, between the hours of twelve and two o'clock, a dainty and substantial luncheon will be served, tickets for which will be twenty-five cents. There will be stalls

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for the sale of flowers, candy and fancy work; and a large assortment of garments of best material and workmanship, marked at actual cost, for men, women and children, cannot fail to invite inspection and purchase by the many friends of the Society.

Professor Huntingford will be one of the hosts for "tea" after Mr. Waters' lecture this afternoon at Trinity College. A mild flavor of fun is in everyone's anticipation of a lecture on Dickens' works by the talented Irishman, whose native humor is of the richest, while his eloquence is extraordinary. Mr. Waters will always be a drawing card hereabouts.

"I say Jenkins up and I say Jenkins down," was the game played as regards costume at the concert given in the Armories on Monday evening. The damp outdoor air and the various sudden entrances thereof were not very conducive to comfort to those bare-shouldered and bare-headed. In the officers' gallery the galaxy of smart gowns, beautiful women and dashing uniforms was immense, and the cheerful draping of the windows helped to keep pretty women comfortable, but some of the heroines on the lower level felt a chill more than once during the course of events.

Mrs. T. H. Kelsey, 43 Marlborough avenue, returned home last week from St. Thomas.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place last Monday at three o'clock in the afternoon, at St. James' Cathedral, when Miss Ellen Baldwin of Toronto, second daughter of the late Alfred Baldwin, London, Eng., was married to



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John McMillan, of Rice Lewis & Son. After the ceremony a reception was held, at which about thirty guests were present to offer their congratulations and bid farewell to Mr. and

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Mrs. Youmans, who afterwards left by the 4.30 train for Buffalo, in which city, after a tour through the Eastern States, they intend to take up their residence.

THE LOW COMEDIAN.

BY GEORGE R. SIMS,

Author of "Tales of To-day," "The Ring o' Bella," etc.

[Copyrighted, 1898, by George R. Sims.]

Mr. Timothy Cutts was in great trouble about his only son. Mr. Cutts had made a fortune out of sweets. Cutts' cough-candy was a household word. Cutts' cocoanut cream was known and respected by every child in the United Kingdom; Cutts' metropolitan mixture was pronounced by youthful connoisseurs to be *facile princeps* in the "mixture" market. They didn't say it was *facile princeps*, but that is what they meant. Cutts' almond hard-bake was a dream. Cutts' raspberry rock was something to dwell in the memory long after the dental troubles of middle-age had made lollipops a forbidden luxury, and a box of Cutts' chocolate creams had been, on one celebrated occasion, presented by a Royal English Princess to her young German husband as something the equal of which could not be made in Germany.

It is no wonder that Mr. Timothy Cutts was a proud as well as a prosperous man. He was proud to think that during a long and honorable career he had never once deviated from the glorious motto of his house, "War-ranted made of the Purest Sugar," and he was proud to think that at the age of fifty-five he had made a name which was honored in every English nursery, and accepted as a guarantee of purity and excellence by every English parent.

Not only had Mr. Cutts made a name, but he had made a fortune—a very considerable fortune indeed. There is an excellent margin of profits on lollipops—and lollipops we have always with us. They don't go out of fashion—the taste for them endures and will endure as long as children have palates and parents have pence. The fashion in sweets changes occasionally, it is true, but it is principally the name of the sweet that is altered, the ingredients remain very much the same.

Mr. Cutts had no anxieties about his business. The manufacture of sweets is a national industry, and foreign competition has not very much affected it except in its higher branches. But in spite of his prosperity and great renown Mr. Cutts had a trouble. His eldest son, Timothy Cutts, jr., positively declined to enter his father's business or to have anything to do with confectionery.

To a certain extent it was Mr. Cutts' own fault. Instead of bringing the boy up in a business-like way, he had given him a first-class education, and allowed him to go to Oxford with a liberal allowance.

Young Cutts didn't do anything great at Oxford. He got through his allowance with punctuality and despatch, and made some good friends, but failed to distinguish himself from a university point of view. In one way only did he reap fame at Oxford, and that was as an amateur actor.

He appeared once or twice with considerable success in comic parts, and the "acting" undergraduates said that he had the making of a good low comedian in him.

His father and mother saw him act once. His mother declared that he was a genius. Her boy reminded her of Robson. But his father, who had no taste for theatricals, only shrugged his shoulders, and pertinently asked what manner of use clowning was likely to be to a wholesale sweet-stuff manufacturer.

Old Cutts—I only call him "old" to distinguish him from young Cutts—had had a vague idea that his son would take a degree at Oxford; that he would leave the University with a letter or two after his name, which would be a guarantee to the world of the scientific principles upon which the business would be carried on.

He thought if his boy passed a big exam. in chemistry, or something of that sort, he would be able to confound all future trade rivals. The British public would, as a matter of course, feel much safer in purchasing sweets manufactured under the immediate eyes of a young man who had been distinguished for his cleverness and scientific attainments at Oxford than in buying the goods of a firm who had only commercial instincts to guide it.

Young Cutts, however, left the University without exhibiting the slightest aptitude for chemistry or science of any kind, and his disappointed father at once invited him to come down to the Borough and be initiated into the mysteries of cocoanut cream, cough-candy, almond hard-bake and the world's famous Metropolitan Mixture.

Mr. Cutts, jr., sulkily consented "to try what it was like." He told his father frankly that he didn't relish the idea; that a university training was not calculated to impress a fellow with a taste for acidulated drops and sugar-sticks, and that if he might be allowed to express his own views on the subject of his future career, he would venture to suggest that he should be allowed to adopt the stage as a profession.

"The what, sir?" yelled his father, almost doubting the evidence of his own ears. "The stage, sir," replied Cutts, jr. "It's a very honorable profession. Ladies of high rank, officers in the army and university men are going on the stage every day. Why shouldn't I?"

Mr. Cutts, sr., dropped into a chair and mopped his brow with his pocket-handkerchief. "You don't mean to say, Timothy," he gasped, "that you se—ri—ously mean that you want to be a play-actor?"

"Yes, I do, father; the great ambition of my life is to be a low comedian."

The prosperous sweet-stuff manufacturer groaned. His son a low comedian! The heir to all that vast establishment in the Boro', the future proprietor of Cutts' cocoanut-cream a low comedian! He groaned to himself in almost heartbroken misery for a moment or two, then suddenly he sprang from his chair and shook his fist angrily at his recreant offspring.

"How dare you, sir!" he yelled. "How dare you insult the family by such a proposition!"

Do you think I sent you to Hoxford (the "h" was the result of excitement) and paid all that money for your education that you might be a mountebank, sir—a grinning buffoon, sir, no sir. You'll go into my business to-morrow, or you'll go where you like. Everything, sir, I've got in the world will be yours some day if you stick to the sweets. Renounce 'em, sir, and I renounce you. Spurn 'em, an' I spurn you. Yes, sir, I mean it. So now you can choose; be a sweet-stuff manufacturer and I'll give you a partnership at once; be a low comedian and you can live on the coppers you get for making an ass of yourself. Not one shilling of mine will you get if you degrade me and your mother like that."

"It's no degradation, sir; there are hundreds of ladies and gentlemen on the stage."

"Don't tell me, sir; don't try any of your stage stuff here. Low comedian indeed; you try it and I'll low comedian you."

"But—"

"Don't answer me. Don't speak to me, or I shall have apoplexy. I've been very near it already. You can take to-day to consider; we won't mention the subject again, but to-morrow morning at nine o'clock the brougham will be at the door to take me to business. You either sit beside me in that brougham, or you pack your traps and go to the devil. Good morning, sir! A low comedian! Pah, pooh, pish!"

And with these violent expressions of opinion Mr. Timothy Cutts, sr., drew himself up to his full height—he was five feet four—and marched out of the room with all the stern dignity of a Roman father.

Young Cutts shrugged his shoulders and looked after his father with knitted brows and folded arms.

"I suppose I shall have to try the business," he muttered to himself. "I must humor the guv'nor for a bit, and trust to the mater to bring him around to our way of thinking in time."

The mater, you see, believed in her boy's histrionic talent. He was her only son, her idol, and had he wanted the moon she would have wept because she couldn't give it him. He wanted to be a low comedian, and he had confided his noble ambition to her. She, blinded by her maternal love, saw nothing outrageous in the idea. She was quite at one with her son as to the utter unsuitability of sweets to a young man of delicate tastes and noble aims, and so she readily promised to fling the whole of her influence on to the side of low comedy.

Timothy told his mother of the stormy scene he had had with his father, and his mother's eyes filled with tears. Her poor boy had her deepest sympathy. But she also gave him some sound advice, and that was to temporize—to soften his father's heart by going to the business, if only for a little while. Perhaps, seeing how much his father had built on his only son carrying on the sweet reputation, it was unreasonable to expect him to resign all hope at once. So Timothy agreed to go and try and conciliate his male parent by appearing to try to like cocoanut-cream and cough-candy, and on the following morning at nine o'clock he went off in the brougham, and was duly initiated into the mysteries of the manufacture of Cutts' Metropolitan Mixture, and the other delicious specialties of the firm.

But it was a hopeless failure from the first. Cutts, junior, took an instant dislike to the commercial surroundings.

He struggled manfully for a week to betray a little interest in the practical part of the business, and he made a wild effort to bring his intellect down to the level of the office work, but anyone with half an eye could have seen that he would never be at home either in the factory or the counting-house, and Cutts, senior, having two eyes, and both good ones, fully recognized the situation before his son had been a week in the Boro'.

And all that time the influence of Mrs. Cutts had been brought to bear upon his feelings as a father and a husband. Quietly and patiently the good little woman had pleaded her boy's cause. She had played her cards so cleverly, she had argued her points so skillfully that gradually Mr. Cutts began to think that after all it was possible that a brilliant career on the stage might be open to his son and heir.

Mrs. Cutts took in the society journals, and one day she triumphantly laid a copy of the *World* before her husband.

"Read that paragraph, my dear," she said, as she pointed with her plump matronly finger to the portion of the paper she wished her lord and master to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

Mr. Cutts put on his spectacles and read how Mr. Irving, Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Hare and Mr. Toole had been the honored guests of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House on the previous Sunday evening.

"What do you think of that, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Cutts; "after all, you know, the stage is an honorable profession, and Mr. Toole is a low comedian. If one low comedian is the guest of the Prince of Wales at Marlborough House, why should not another be?"

"You mean our boy?"

"Of course I mean our boy, my dear. You must acknowledge that the Prince couldn't give private dinner parties to sweet-stuff manufacturers."

"That's true; up to the present I have not found the excellence of my cocoanut cream induce Royalty to place me on its visiting list."

"But the excellence of Mr. Toole's low comedy has taken him into Marlborough House."

"Evidently."

"And I believe the Queen herself has presented Mr. John Hare with a scarf-pin."

"I've heard so."

"Well then, my dear, it is certain that the stage leads to dinners at Marlborough House and presents from the Queen. Now, sweets

will never do that. You've never even been able to obtain the Royal patronage for your Metropolitan Mixture."

"That's true. I sent Her Majesty a pound packet, and Sir Henry Ponsonby wrote back and said that Her Majesty was compelled to make it a rule not to accept presents from persons unknown to her."

"Quite so. Now, just be sensible, Timothy dear. Wouldn't it be a proud moment for you if you read in the *Court Circular* that our boy had dined with the Prince of Wales or had been presented with a scarf-pin by the Queen?"

"Well, if you put it that way, my dear, I think it would."

"Of course it would. Then, as he can't get into Royal society as a sweet-stuff manufacturer, why not let him go as a low comedian?"

Mr. Cutts, sr., was slightly taken aback by his wife's arguments. He was obliged to confess that there was force in them, but he said he would think the matter over.

He did think it over, and that night it was so much on his mind that he dreamt he saw his son walking arm-in-arm with the Prince down Piccadilly, wearing a magnificent scarf-pin presented to him by his gracious sovereign Queen Victoria.

The next morning he called his son to him. It was Sunday, so the brougham was not waiting at the door.

"Tim, old chap," he said, "I want to do my duty to you as a father. It's evident you're no good at the sweet-stuff business, and you never will be. Do you still want to go on the stage?"

"Yes, father," exclaimed the young man, rapturously. "It is the dream of my life."

"Then go, my boy, and God bless you, but don't get proud and forget your old father. And when you dine with the Prince of Wales, if you could induce him to accept a box of our best chocolates for the Princess, it would be a fine thing for the business."

"Do you mean, father, that you'll let me be a low comedian?"

"Yes, and I'll help you all I can. I'm rich, and what I've got will be yours some day, so you shall have the benefit of capital in your new career. You must have the best part that's to be had, Tim, and in the best theater, and if you can't get it, why, hang it all, I'll take a theater for you, and pay one of them writer chaps to write you a jolly good play all to yourself. What do you say?"

"I say you're a brick, guv'nor," exclaimed the young man, almost beside himself with joy. Then the family embraced all round, and Mrs. Cutts wept tears of joy, and then they had a little family council as to what was to be done to give the boy a first-class start in his new profession. After a good deal of discussion it was decided that Mr. Cutts should write to Mr. Irving and see if he would take Timothy on at the Lyceum as first low comedian at once. Mr. Cutts selected the Lyceum because it was a high-class theater, and the nobility went there, and Irving was a good actor and put the plays on well.

"It'll be two good names on the bill," said Mr. Cutts. "It'll look well, my boy. 'Mr. Timothy Cutts every evening, supported by Mr. Henry Irving, eh? That's the way to do it, my boy.'"

Timothy junior hesitated. He said he had been told he ought to go into the country first to get experience.

"The country!" exclaimed his father; "what nonsense. What's the good of going into the country? The Prince ain't likely to see you there. No, the next time Irving and Toole and Wyndham and that lot dine at Marlborough House I want you to be among 'em, Tim. I confess I should like it. It will console me for letting you give up the business."

On Monday Mr. Cutts, sr., who was now fully convinced that a brilliant career awaited his son on the stage, went to work with heart and soul to give his son a big start in his chosen profession.

He wrote at once to Mr. Irving, and was somewhat taken aback when he received a courteous reply to the effect that Mr. Irving's arrangements were complete.

Nothing daunted he wrote to Mr. Hare, and the reply was a polite but decided negative. Mr. Hare was not open to accept the service of the young gentleman, of whose histrionic ability he had never previously heard.

"Prejudice," exclaimed Mr. Cutts, sr.; "it's prejudice and professional jealousy. They're afraid my boy'll cut 'em out. Well, if they won't give him a chance that's their loss. He shall have a theater of his own."

Mr. Cutts had his horses put to, and drove around to the various theaters. He sent in his card, and having obtained an interview astonished the manager by making an offer for the house for a month certain.

The first manager he called upon with this startling proposition was Mr. Toole.

That famous comedian was staggered for a moment, but quickly recovered his self-possession. "I'm very sorry," he said, "but I've only just produced a new play, and it's a great success. I want my house myself."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Cutts, "I can take that into consideration. You see I want a house at once, and this will just suit my boy. He's a low comedian, and that's what they're used to here. You can go to Australia or America."

"Thank you," said Mr. Toole, "that's a very thoughtful suggestion, but what about the play? What will the author say if I take it off in the height of its success?"

"Is it a good play?"

"Oh, yes."

"Good low comedy part?"

"Splendid."

"Well then, look here. I'll keep the play on, and my boy shall play your part."

"Ah! That never occurred to me," said the famous comedian with a smile, "but I don't think I can accept your offer. You see I have to be careful of my reputation, and if your boy were to come into my part, and play it better than I do, where the devil should I be? No, thank you very much; but I don't think I'll risk it."

Finding nothing was to be done at Toole's, Mr. Cutts went off to another house, only to meet with further rebuffs. Some of the managers saw the joke and played up to it. Others looked upon the sweet-stuff manufacturer as a harmless lunatic, and terminated the interview as speedily as possible. Eventually Mr. Cutts found a theater which was to let, and he im-

mediately settled the preliminaries and took it on his son's behalf.

The young man had in the meantime not been idle. He had been to French's in the Strand, and bought a number of comedies which he thought would suit him. His amateur experiences had taught him sufficient to enable him to know a good low comedy when he read one.

Eventually he chose a play in which many years ago Toole had made an enormous success, and he determined to produce that. He arranged the terms with the agent and took the play home and set to work at once to write up his own part, and cut the others down.

The business was put into the hands of an agent to get a company together. An acting manager was selected, and the Cutts family started full of hope and confidence on their first theatrical venture.

It is not nowadays such an uncommon thing for people who know nothing of the business to embark in theatrical speculation, and so beyond a certain amount of comment in the press the announcement of Mr. Timothy Cutts' dramatic venture aroused very little remark.

The eventful night arrived at last; the rehearsals had been of a happy-go-lucky kind, but the company were old stagers and knew their business. The only person who was not letter-perfect was Mr. Timothy Cutts, jr., himself. But he was brimful of confidence, and felt that if the author failed him he could come to his own assistance and gag.

The house was fairly full. No expense had been spared in advertising the debut of the new low comedian who was going to set the Thames on fire. Portraits of Mr. Timothy Cutts, jr., the great low comedian, adorned the shop windows of the metropolis, and the hoardings were plentifully posted over with posters on which the name of Cutts appeared in letters of gigantic height.

Mr. Cutts, sr., had determined to give his son a good send-off.

The new low comedian had decided to appear in his own name. That was the name he wished to render famous in the annals of the stage. That was the name in which his father wished him to dine with the Prince of Wales. The first night was a complete fiasco. The audience laughed at first, then they sat back on their seats and gazed the new low comedian. He was not without a certain amount of comic talent, but that he was a raw amateur was evident to everyone. He might have been spared a good deal of unpleasant chaff but for the attitude of Mr. Cutts, sr. That worthy fellow sat in a box, and leaned forward and applauded so vigorously whenever his son spoke a line that the audience shouted to him to "shut up."

Nothing daunted, he applauded more vigorously than ever, and when the curtain fell on the first act, heant out of the box and yelled, "Cutts, Cutts," at the top of his voice.

So did all the employees of the sweet-stuff factory, who were in the pit and gallery. This led to a hostile demonstration, and eventually a free fight in the pit.

There is no need to dwell on the events of that memorable first night. The press slated the new low comedian, but his father was not at all disconcerted. "Don't mind it, my boy, it's jealousy. These people don't like the idea of a young chap like you coming into their business. Don't be downhearted. Remember how the House of Commons treated Disraeli. They tried to howl him down. 'The time will come,' he said, 'when they shall hear me,' and by Jingo, they had to, and they've got to hear

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Some musical instruments—a good violin for instance—improve with age and use. A Stradivarius is none the worse of being old, but there is little new in Violin making, whilst in Piano making there is something new every year, hence the point is plain—buy a piano that is up to date as well as one that improves with age and use.

Among Pianos the GERHARD HEINTZMAN is up-to-date, and improves with years of use.

Ten, fifteen and twenty year old Pianos made by Gerhard Heintzman command big prices at auction or private sale, whilst the Gerhard Heintzman Piano of to-day is pre-eminently the most perfect exponent of the Canadian Piano maker's art.

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you, my boy."

Cutts, junior, quite agreed with his father. The professional gang resented an amateur with money and talent taking a theater. That comforted him, and as his father found the money for the speculation, he wasn't very much

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disconcerted when his father, night after night, was very nearly the entire audience.

Mr. Cutts issued orders broadcast to his customers, and so all the sweet-stuff shops in London were liberally represented, but by degrees even the people with orders fought shy of the show, and then Mr. Cutts, sr., came and sat down in the stalls, all alone, and banged away with his umbrella till the ferrule came off.

At the end of a month Mr. Cutts, jr., felt exhausted. He was tired of his part and wanted to play another, but he thought for the benefit of his health he had better take a holiday first.

So the last nights were announced, and the first theatrical speculation of the new low comedian, Mr. Timothy Cutts, jr., came to an end.

There was only one thing the family regretted. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales had in some unaccountable manner failed to honor the performance with his distinguished patronage.

The vacation gave the Cutts family time to consider the future calmly. Mr. Cutts, sr., found that his first speculation on his son's behalf had cost him nearly £3,000.

It was just a little experience, and, being after all a sound business man, when he looked at the figures he thought perhaps it would be as well to go to work next time on more economical principles.

So it was decided that for the present, at any rate, Timothy should try and act without having to pay the rest of the company and rent the theater.

Cutts, junior, himself had a still more sensible proposition to make. "Look here, guv'nor," he said, "I think I'll play with some amateurs for a bit and get my name up that way first. You see I'd never played in London at all before."

Mr. Cutts gladly consented to this proposition. His son was much less expensive as an amateur than as a professional. The only drawback was that amateurs are not invited to dine at Marlborough House.

One day Timothy came to his father radiant. He had an offer from some amateurs to go down with them to an institution and play. Some of the Princesses were going to be present.

"Where is it?" said his father. "I will come too, and so will your mother."

"It's at a private lunatic asylum, governor. We're going to play to the lunatics."

"H'm," said his father, "you must get us seats as far from the patients as possible."

The performance at Hall Asylum was a great success. One of the princesses and her husband were present, and the lunatics shrieked at the antics of Timothy Cutts.

That is, all of the lunatics did except one, who sat immediately behind Mr. Cutts, sr.

He conceived an intense antipathy to Timothy. He expressed an opinion that Timothy was insulting him, and he announced his intention of having Timothy's life in such loud tones that Mr. Cutts burst into a cold perspiration, and the medical officer kindly had the objectionable patient removed from the auditorium.

But as he went he looked at his programme. "Timothy Cutts," he exclaimed; "that's your name, is it? All right, Timothy Cutts. I'll settle with you one day, my boy."

After the performance was over the doctor explained that the poor gentleman, who was an eminent man of letters, was only temporarily insane. "He had periodical fits of homicidal mania," said the doctor, "but he gets all right and is sent home to his friends."

Mr. Cutts, the low comedian, groaned. He hoped that the homicidal maniac would speedily forget the name he was trying to make famous.

When Timothy took to the stage again it was as a member of a farcical-comedy company on tour. He had begun to see that acting, like everything else, requires an apprenticeship. He played small parts in the provinces, and this disgusted his parent, who felt that he had flung £3,000 into the gutter. Sweets were considerably more profitable. He began to calculate how many hundredweights of cough-candy and coconut cream had gone in that unfortunate theatrical speculation.

But Timothy himself was not downcast. He was still determined to be a low comedian, and give Toole and Penley fits.

After a year in the provinces he came back to London and obtained an engagement for a small low comedy part at a West End house.

When the company was rehearsing for the last time one of the actors called Timothy on one side.

"I say, old chap," he said, "did you ever know a man named Illson?"

Timothy started.

"Do you mean the novelist?" he said.

"Yes. I met him hanging about the stage door this morning. He says an actor named Cutts insulted him."

"Good gracious!" groaned Timothy. "Is he out? He's got homicidal mania. I played at the lunatic asylum he was at."

"That's the man. He's been out some weeks, but I don't think it's safe. He seems very queer. He seems to be very bitter against you."

Timothy went on with the rehearsal, but he forgot his lines, the manager swore at him, and that made him worse.

The first night, right in the middle of the play, he broke down. He suddenly caught sight of the homicidal maniac glaring at him from a private box.

Timothy's head reeled, and his knees trembled. The place swam around with him. He expected that every minute Mr. Illson would pull a pistol from his breast and shoot him.

He spoiled the play. It was a failure. After the curtain was down the manager's language was terrible. The author called him a confounded amateur, and demanded his instant dismissal. The manager gave it him on the spot, and Tim went home broken-hearted.

He told his father and mother. They fell on his neck and wept, and besought him not to risk his life again.

"That man will kill you, Tim," groaned his father. "I remember what he said at the asylum."

"Oh, Tim," moaned the mother, "don't risk your precious life. How can you dine with the Prince of Wales if you're in your grave?"

Tim said he'd think about it, and he did. Visions of that homicidal maniac pursuing him from theater to theater to take his life haunted him all night. He felt that he should never be safe, that he should always be looking for the

maniac instead of thinking of his part. How could he ever hope to be a really funny low comedian under such ghastly circumstances?

He felt that the task was hopeless, and the next morning he went to his father and said, "Father, I think after all, I'm wasting my time. Acting isn't all sugar."

"No, my boy," replied his father, "but my sweets are. You'd better come into the business."

And he did, and he is now a full-blown partner, and drives his phaeton and pair, and his name is never on any bills, and so he has no fear of meeting that homicidal maniac who is searching the playhouses of London for Timothy Cutts, "the low comedian."

THE END.

Most Unwise

Is a continual effort to employ cod liver oil in its pure state when the stomach protests against it. Almost equally vain are ordinary emulsions, which possess little value beyond their power to subdivide the oil. But where the oil is really needed, the elegant and efficient preparation, Maltine with Cod Liver Oil, may be most satisfactorily used. This preparation contains all the medicinal properties of the oil combined with maltine, an acknowledged digestant and reconstructive. It increases the appetite, adds to the digestive power, and aids the assimilative process, thus greatly augmenting nutrition and replacing the waste inevitable in pulmonary complaints and debility. A trial of two weeks will convince the most skeptical of its superiority.

Humors of the Klondike.

FROM A DAWSON LETTER.

NO truer key to the life of this unparalleled mining camp can be found than the signs which confront one on every wall and every convenient blazed tree. The absence of a newspaper makes the written notice a necessity, especially if you have a grievance, have anything to sell, or want to buy.

I have noticed one thing in connection with the lack of a newspaper—that there can hardly be said to exist such a thing as public opinion. There are rarely any public meetings: the presence of police and a form of government has dispensed with the necessity of miners' meetings. No special occasion has arisen to call for oratory or leadership.

As almost everything goes by hearsay, some of the wildest rumors get afloat. There have been two wars disposed of within the last month. In that time we—that is, the United States—have licked Japan and are fighting Spain. The fall of the water at Chilkoot Pass, in which a small number of lives were probably lost, was magnified greatly. It was told that the Sheep Camp glacier had slid all the way to Talu and killed hundreds of people.

So it has come to pass that the only thing we can pin faith to, outside the visible nuggets, is the public notice. There are hundreds of them, and they are posted in every public place from the hospital at the north end of the city to Lousetown at the extreme south.

One man has on his tent a sign on a sheet of paper

"WANTED—NATIVE DOGS, ENQUIRE WITHIN."

Another wants Malamute dogs, and has a sign to that effect. This man keeps a wonderful store. You couldn't buy anything to eat there except by rare chance, and neither could you go there for any special thing whatever and find it, but you might find something else that would do in the emergency. The proprietor is not a very good speller, as some of his signs indicate. One reads:

"FOR SALE—HIGH-PRICED PADLOCKS AND POTATOES."

That is a catchy advertisement in Dawson, and doubtless brings the proprietor a great deal of trade, but it is misleading. There was only one padlock in the store, and I felt, as a possible buyer, after inspecting it, that it was not a padlock that one could trust in such uncertain times as these in Dawson. The potatoes were there—real, genuine potatoes, sixteen pounds of them, that were raised at Fort Selkirk—but they had some kind of black rot that rendered them undesirable even at the low price of one dollar a pound.

The store-keeper showed me also a door-lock which would have been a bargain at six dollars, only that there was no key for it. He said he had missed selling it two or three times on that account.

The "opera house" of the town is used on about five nights of the week as a dance-hall. On Wednesdays and Saturdays a performance is given. Here is the text of the double-sheet poster that is done in lamplight:

"SHOW AT THE OPERA HOUSE TO-NIGHT, COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAMME."

NEW GIRLS, NEW SONGS, NEW GAGS, TO BE CONCLUDED WITH THE FARCICAL COMEDY, WHO HAS GROWN FOR TWO?

ADMISSION REDUCED TO \$1.

At the last show before this Frank Slavins was billed to knock out in four rounds a Puget Sound champion, and the admission was two dollars and fifty cents.

Here is one of the three church notices that regularly appear toward the end of each week:

"Rev. Dr. Young and Dr. McCune will hold divine services at the new lodging-house, south end of town, at eleven a.m. and seven p.m., Sunday. Everybody invited."

There are many advertisements of losses by all manner of means. One reads:

"LOST.—A gold-nugget bracelet. Twenty-five dollars reward will be paid for its return to Macdonald's saloon."

One notice is a little too vague to attract serious consideration these busy times. It asks plaintively:

"Who wants to finish a cabin for the use of it this winter? Enquire at tent on the beach at Lousetown. Sign on the tent."

"Jimmy" Jackson, the half-breed who has made several quick trips with mail in former years, advertises as follows:

"October 20, 1897.—The well known Indian boy, Jimmy Jackson, will leave for the outside a week from to-day. Will make Juneau, Victoria and Seattle. Will carry letters at one dollar each, and will bring mail on his return trip at the same price."

A German or Scandinavian has plans for engaging in a transportation business between here and the mines. He has an inscription on a wall:

"FRUIT WANTED TO BOYANSA OR ELBORATO. APPLY INSIDE."

I have previously made the statement that nothing to eat can now be bought at either of the large stores. It is necessary to qualify this assertion in a measure, for there was a sign in one of the stores this afternoon reading:

"PARTLY DAMAGED EGGS FOR SALE, \$3.25 A CASE."



He loves me—loves me not!—Punch

Starving Children.

Thousands of well-fed children are starving, simply because their food is not of the right kind. They are thin, pale and delicate. Scott's Emulsion will change all this. It gives vim and vigor, flesh and force.

The Childish Chinese.

St. James's Budget.
Out of the mass of matter which appeared last week on the subject of China I came across some little items which are worth extracting: "Nothing could convey a better idea of the utter conservatism and childishness of the Chinese than two sights which I witnessed yesterday," writes one correspondent. "The first was a body of soldiers engaged in practicing with bows and arrows, and the other was the picture of a huge cannon painted on a canvas screening a part of the walls of Peking, the object apparently being to frighten intending invaders." A European remarked to the same correspondent that it was a good thing the loan had been concluded, for in a week's time it would be difficult to do business, as the kite-flying season would then have begun.

SAVE THE CHILDREN

Don't Let Them Become Victims of the Ravages of Catarrh.

Mr. H. G. Ford of the Cowan Avenue Fire Hall, Toronto, Ont., Had His Boy Operated on, but Had to Use Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure to Remove the Disease.

COWAN AVENUE FIRE HALL, TORONTO, March 16, 1897.
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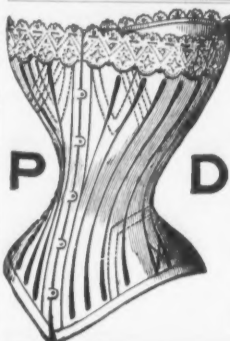
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When the Duchy of Baden was occupied by Prussian troops after the insurrection of 1849, the officers were warned against playing at Baden-Baden. One summer evening, King (then Prince) Wilhelm strolled into the gaming rooms and noticed an officer in civilian's clothes sitting at play. He had won twice on the red, and was about to pick up his money, when he caught sight of the prince watching him. Terror-stricken, he sat quiet, not daring to reach out for his winnings. The red turned up a third and then a fourth time. As the maximum was quickly reached, the prince touched the officer on the shoulder and said, gently:

"Take up your money and go, lest one of your chiefs should find you here."

Of course, the soldier got out immediately. Two days later there was a review, during which Prince Wilhelm sighted the culprit, and sent for him.

"Lieutenant —," he said, "after you went away the red turned up four times more. I prevented you from winning four times the maximum, which you would certainly have staked. You will draw on me for that amount. But take my advice, do not gamble again."

The memoirs of an old German general who lived to see his last victory at Sedan have stated as follows: "It was the kindness of the lesson that cured me of gaming. For me it was better than a year's imprisonment."

"Here, you've been telling me all along," said the bright-faced young wife, "what a wonderful cook your mother was; and now your Aunt Jane has just told me that your father was a chronic dyspeptic." "Well, you see," the young husband murmured, with a deep sigh, "my mother learned by practicing on father."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND S. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers. Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

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It is said that Mr. Townsend, who is held to be responsible for the selection of *A Lady of Quality*, is a friend of Miss Arthur. I trust he is not. It is really to be hoped that he will be discovered to have been in the pay of some rival star and secretly enjoined to wreck the brilliant Canadian's prospects and finish her dramatically, once for all. When this interesting surmise is proved to be correct, we shall understand the why and wherefore of the selection. Just at present nobody knows why *A Lady of Quality* should have been chosen in which to present Miss Arthur to the public.

So strongly, indeed, have the various and manifold shortcomings of the authoress obtruded themselves upon the attention of the critics of the daily press, that the public have been told a very great deal about *A Lady of Quality* and very little indeed about Miss Arthur. Nor is this at all to be wondered at in view of the fact that the notices in the daily papers are written in the very short time that intervenes between the end of the play and the hour of going to press, for it is unfortunately true that first impressions of the performance are more directly connected with the defects of the play than with the ability of the actress. A calmer and more leisurely review of the situation will give more prominence to Miss Arthur and leave in the background this literary "effort," which is not by any means worth the amount of space that has been devoted to it.

And what shall we say of the gifted young Canadian that has not already been said? Every flattering adjective has been used with almost tiresome reiteration until one would think that the Blarney stone had been worn to dust by the zealous attentions of her worshippers. If I may believe what I read, there is no Shakespearean role from Portia to Juliet that Miss Arthur cannot interpret with faithfulness and accuracy. This is a flattering and, I trust, a true prophecy. But let us see just what foundation exists for it at the present moment.

Admit, then, that, viewed against the dull and sombre background of Mrs. Burnett's ill-constructed play, Miss Arthur shines out with unquestionable brilliancy; admit also that with the rough and crude materials provided for her she has constructed an edifice not altogether unpleasing, though by no means free from blemishes; admit finally that she was able to infuse into the stilted and meaningless lines a wonderful beauty and pathos and carry forward to its tardy conclusion with irresistible magnetism many an arid bit of dialogue and barren rhapsody—we have only proved that Miss Arthur is better in her sphere than Mrs. Burnett is in hers. This, without derogation to her, may easily be. But how will it be when all conditions are reversed? Miss Arthur has successfully interpreted ideas that are mean and commonplace; but it hardly follows that she can lay aside the corduroy and fustian of the creator of Little Lord Fauntleroy and wear with grace and dignity the silks and laces of a Shakespearean heroine.

These remarks are made with a purpose, but to question Miss Arthur's undoubted ability is not the object I have in view; I seek to counteract in some measure some of the very foolish advice which has been tendered to her since her arrival in Toronto. Some of it is very foolish indeed, and Miss Arthur seems to take her friends too seriously. The whole of the next paragraph is devoted to illustrating the truth of this.

Next season Miss Arthur is to play Camille.

It will be difficult to raise Camille above the level of the last act of *A Lady of Quality*, and this is not a high standard of excellence. Nature intended Miss Arthur to be brilliant, self-reliant, piquant, strong, intensely bright in act and word, and the spirit of clinging tenderness and moist sympathy that is dominant in love-passages nowadays is altogether foreign to her. If she acquires it she will lose the lighter and brighter vein—and the world will be the poorer. Compare the delicate irony, the charmingly incisive intonation, the spirit of fire in the scene in the rose garden with Sir John Oxon, with the uninteresting rapidity of her acceptance of her old-time lover in the closing act. However, it is generally unprofitable to discount the future, and may the Goddess of Destiny, whose favorites are generally those who woo her least, be kind to this wonderfully sweet little queen, whose foes verily seem to be of her own household.

Under the Red Robe tells us but little about

Richelleu, and what little it does tell us is largely at variance with what we are accustomed to believe; the plan of the novelist has been too closely followed to permit of the retention of much of the true dramatic character. A novelist may, without apparently diverting our attention, tell many interesting stories about many varied characters in his book; the sense of identity is not so strong, the reader is less interested in the *personnel* of the various characters, and is more concerned about the incidents the author introduces rather than with the persons whom he constitutes the chief actors in each, and who may vary in prominence from time to time without interfering with the amount of interest excited by the story. The drama is precisely the reverse; in it the characters are alive before us, we are interested in them—they in a sense claim acquaintance with us to a far greater degree than if we merely read about them in a book. They are old friends and we are more concerned about the actors—less about the acts; we think more of who is doing, less of what is done; and our attention is riveted on the leading characters, to the detriment of those less prominent about whom we read with interest, but regard as interlopers in a dramatized version.

In Weyman's almost famous novel, the character of the wife is as pretty and attractive, probably, as this style of wife can be made. She is loving, faithful, piteously excitable, and useless; a magnificent helpmeet for a man who has nothing to do; excellently domestic, but somewhat of a hindrance to a husband who has heroic aspirations. Some such woman, more ornament than use, inspired these lines that come back, as such lines ever will come back with irresistible claims to be remembered:

"White hands cling to the tightened rein,
Slipping the spur from the booted heel;
Tenderest voices cry 'Turn again,'
Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel.
High hopes faint on a warm hearthstone,
He travels fastest who travels alone."

This is more plainly shown in the dramatized version; the character of Madame de Coche-fort loses its interest and becomes unnecessary; playing a most immaterial part in the development of the story and not in itself particularly attractive; much nicer to read about than to see, much pleasanter clothed with the idealistic language of the novelist than revealed in the too thinly-veiled disguises which are all that the dramatist commands. The latter is in the unfortunate position of being obliged to tell a great deal more than the former and is therefore the more apt to contradict himself, for it is sometimes unwise to have to go into details; often generalization makes an easier story.

History is, after all, the best friend of men who would be great. No man is a hero to his valet; which in this connection means that too great intimacy is not an incentive to hero-worshippers. Have an idol, if you will; but not of this day and generation. Locate him a century or two farther back, learn nothing about him except what you like to know, select the good and leave the bad, and all the glory of a superhuman excellence will be yours to admire. That's easy. Any life is great and noble in spots, though it is hard to keep it up; but history will not bother about the intervening epochs of mediocrity, and the black marks in the picture fade first. Perhaps on the whole it is better so, though it renders it absolutely impossible to compare those things which ever challenge comparison—the things which have been and the things which are.

Historical plays labor under the same disadvantage; they do not, because they cannot, add very greatly to our stock of information. Imagine, for instance, someone who desired to learn something about the character of Cardinal Richelleu, and that for this purpose he witnessed Mr. H. N. Shaw's delineation of the character and also studied such information as he could obtain from Under the Red Robe. When he is through with his intellectual repast his chances of mental indigestion would be excellent, for the conclusions he would arrive at would be somewhat conflicting. And yet contemporary knowledge of the great prelate goes far to justify in part the historical accuracy of each delineation. There have been Richelleus without number, but I instance these two as being fresh in the minds of many of us. The moral is, that if we do not size up a man accurately and fairly during life, we are not likely to learn the honest truth about him afterwards. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* is an excellent rule, but it has interfered somewhat on behalf of the Past as against the Present, though we will not likely resent it so much when we have found the ranks of those who benefit rather than lose in reputation by the failure of the memories of those who come after us.

At the Princess this week we have a romance which bridges the almost inconceivable gap between North Carolina and Paris. North Carolina is represented, of course, as the abode of love, and peace, and trust, and all those beautiful domestic virtues which make life uninteresting and heaven unnecessary; and Paris is—well, you know what Paris is. The leading character is that of mother, and all creation knows that there are only two kinds of stage "mothers" and that each is more abominable than the other. There is the pathetic mother, that unearthly tender creature usually introduced for the sake of bringing added lustre to the doings of a harum-scarum individual referred to with heart-stirring frequency as "my bo-o-o-y," with a rising inflection, *crescendo*, understood to be peculiarly effective and touching. The opposite of this is the shrew mother, built after the fashion of La Frochard in *The Two Orphans*, altogether unbearable; but the honest, helpful, true-hearted mother, an inspiration to do good because she has force of character enough to be good—we rarely see. There is also, of course, the tearful but highly improper young mother of which we hear and see much too much, but she is really hardly a parallel to the cases I have in mind. The mother in *Esmeralda* is the shrew mother, loud-voiced, bitter of tongue and unnatural, and Miss Hanchett has all the natural gifts to enable her to give sledge-hammer expression to these doubtful qualities, and the result was tremen-

ous. In this respect the play is rather top-heavy.

There is a papa, or rather a father, for there is quite a distinction in the meaning conveyed in these apparently synonymous terms. He is a cheerful, gentle, meekly affectionate old ass, who lets his wife pull him around as she pleases, and the daughter is an aggravated pocket-edition of the old man. On the whole, *Esmeralda* is just a trifle overdrawn, the mamma is just a trifle too strong, the papa too meek, while the North Carolina lover is really too good to be true. It is hardly necessary to add that this is the character selected by Mr. Ralph Cummings. The studio scenes are much the best, and Mr. Glazier and Miss Marshall are leaders this week in popular appreciation.

Light comedy is to hold the boards next week at the Grand, when *The Old Coat* will be presented by a company headed by Frederic Bond, who will be remembered as being connected with an unsuccessful venture at the Princess Theater a few seasons ago. But he made a host of friends, for he is a capable actor, and whatever ill-luck the Princess then had was not his fault. From the list of players given the present company appears to be a strong one.

Julia Arthur has re-engaged her entire company for next season. The contracts were signed on the train between Hamilton and Toronto. The company has been playing this week in Brooklyn, will play the next two weeks in Boston, tour in New England for a while, and close at Providence, R.I., on April 23.

E. S. Willard has been compelled to close his Chicago engagement owing to an attack of typhoid fever. He will not appear on the stage again this season, and so his engagement to play at the Grand Opera House in the third week of April is cancelled.

Marie Burroughs will return to the stage and create the leading role in the dramatization of Ian MacLaren's *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*, in which the veteran actor, Mr. J. H. Stoddart, will star.

Some person will very probably take up *The Pride of Jennico* and make a very good romantic drama from it. It would require some handling, but the material is there.

Maurice Bernhardt has turned dramatist and written a play in which his mother will appear as soon as she recovers from her recent illness. It is a dramatization of George Sand's novel *Gabriel*.

Forbes Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell have been acting in Berlin with much success. Their repertoire includes *Hamlet*, *The School for Scandal*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and *Macbeth*.

Owing to the illness of Ada Rehan, the regular season of Daly's company in New York is closed, and *The Geisha* has been put on again.

Uncle Tom's Cabin, with daily cut-rate matinees, has been delighting the rising generation at the Toronto Opera House this week.

Vaudeville will rule at the Toronto Opera House next week, with Gus Williams and other familiar figures in the turns.

Selina Fetter Royle is going into vaudeville with a condensation of *Capt. Impudence*.

The Coming War.

Philadelphia Enquirer.

"There will be war in Europe.
Thrones be rent and overturned."
("Go and fetch a pail of water," said his wife.)
"Nations shall go down in slaughter,
Ancient capitals be burned."
("Hurry up and split the kindling," said his wife.)
"Cities wrapped in conflagration!
Nation declaiming nation!
Chaos crashing through creation!"
("Go along and feed the chickens," said his wife.)
"And the war shall reach to Asia,
And the Orient be rent."
("When you going to pay the grocer?" says his wife.)
"And the myriads of thunder,
Shake the trembling continent."
("Hurry up and beat them carpets," said his wife.)
"Million myriads invading,
Raping, rioting, and raiding,
Conquest, carnage, cannonading!"
("Wish you'd come and stir this pudding," said his wife.)
"O, it breaks my heart, this conflict
Of the Sax and Celt and Dane."
("Bob has stubbed his rubber boots out," said his wife.)
"O, the dragged Russian banners!
O, the chivalry of Spain!"
("We have got no more molasses," said his wife.)
"See the marshaled millions led on,
With no bloodless sod to tread on,
Gog and Magog! Armageddon!"
("Hurry up and get a yeast-cake," said his wife.)
"O, the grapple of the nations,
It is coming. Woe is me!"
("Did you know we're out of flour?" said his wife.)
"O, the many-centuried empires
Overwhelmed in slaughter's sea!"
("Wish you'd go and put the cat out," said his wife.)
"Death and dreadful dissolution
Wreak their awful execution,
Carnage, anarchy, confusion!"
("Let me have ten cents for needles," said his wife.)
"All my love goes out to Europe,
And my heart is torn and sad."
("How can I keep house on nothing?" said his wife.)
"O, the carnival of carnage,
O, the battle maelstrom mad!"
("Wish you'd battle for a living," said his wife.)
"Down in smoke and blood and thunder,
While the stars look on in wonder,
Must the empires go under!"
("Where're we going to get our dinner?" said his wife.)

SAM WALTER FOSS.

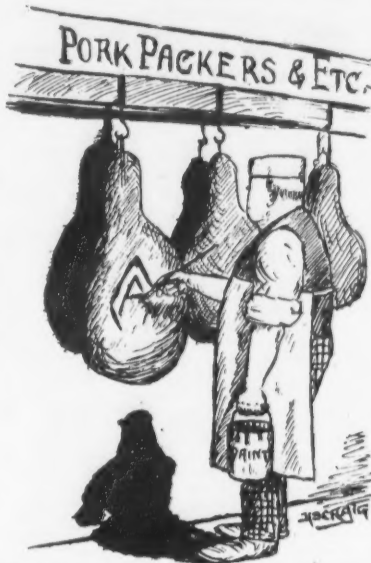
Defined.

Tommy—Pop, what is the lull before the storm?

Papa—The honeymoon, my son.—Truth.

Author—How do you like my new play? Critic—It's simply great. The robbery in the third act is the most realistic piece of work I ever saw. "Do you really think so?" "Of course I do. Why, even the words spoken by the thieves are stolen."—Chicago News.

Picture Puzzle—No. 9.



This picture suggests the name of a Canadian town. Many of our young readers succeeded in guessing No. 8, which was "Newcastle."

A Blast at Our Public Schools.

JOHN SMITH—this particular one—is a civil rebel. He is as truly at war with society as if he bore arms, surrounded cities and slaughtered their inhabitants. In all things there is a small percentage of evil, or of weakness, or of adulterating matter, and John Smith sees the dross and ignores the gold. His anger is furious against those who see only good where he sees only evil, and likewise against those persons who see only evil where he sees only good—but mark you, he sees perfect good in nothing but in those untold forms of society which he would cram down the world's throat with the butt of a musket. Being wrong in nearly everything, he may be wrong in his views on the Ontario schools.

"Our public schools! Our public schools!" he exclaimed to me the other day, in tones of infinite disgust. "Our public schools and popular education! I have no children of my own, for I hold that no man with the feelings of a gentleman—not to mention those finer feelings which should animate a father—will leave sons and daughters to meet the worries and pains of life under the conditions that have long prevailed; but although I have no children of my own, my brother has children, and I know what our public schools are doing for them. Did I say for them?—I mean against them. They go to school in a town some distance from Toronto, but the system is pretty much the same here and everywhere. Do you know, does anybody know, what follies they have introduced into our school-teaching? I visited my brother's family not long ago and spent an evening with the unfortunate children. The youngest one had only been attending school a short time, and, in a sensible world, would have been learning his letters, but instead of that they had him going about grunting like a little pig."

"A kindergarten exercise?" I inquired.
"No. They no longer teach children the alphabet. They teach 'em to grunt. 'Ou, eh, ah, ih,' said the poor child, 'ah, ee, oh, uk,' and so on and so on. The children's room in school must be full of the sounds of a swinarium. Here were these children, who had been at school all day, forced to study for two hours at night when they should have been in bed or playing hide-and-seek. We used to think that the school-day was limited to six hours because children were entitled to sunlight, and play, and fresh air and sleep; now we begin to find that the school-day is short for some other reason. The children must do all their 'learning' at home, and spend the school-day in repeating that which they memorized at home the previous day. Now take my little niece of ten—what was she doing? She was memorizing two pages of history, which she would have to stand up and repeat the next day, and she had the same task every night in the week. What do you think of that? The idea of making a child of ten cram her memory with every word in a whole volume of history, and ruin her memory too, for she not only learned to memorize, but she learned to efface things from her memory as she would wipe her slate. I wanted to go up and thrash the school-teacher, but when the child's father came in he said that the teacher was furious against the system and would have long ago thrashed the principal of the school only that he, too, was opposed to it; and the principal would have assaulted the School Inspector because of the outrage, only that the Inspector was as bitter against it as anybody, and had gone to Toronto to explain it all to the Minister of Education, but had found that the honorable Minister knew all about it and had been opposed to it for years. Who the mischief is responsible and who is to bring relief?"

I did not know.
"And that's not all. That niece of mine is ten years old. At twelve she will have passed the High School entrance, and at fifteen she will be pronounced capable of teaching school—but, of course, she will have to wait for age. But what will she know? What will she have to impart? Our schools merely teach children how to teach other children how to teach still remoter growths of children. Their heads are packed full of rules that they don't understand; it is all a mouting of words. Pupils are not fitted for life; they are all grounded in the mummery of school-teaching as if every pupil in every school in Ontario was going to take a third-class certificate and teach in it. It is the most huge waste of money, the direst injury to children that could be devised, for it turns out hundreds of thousands of pie-faced, spectacled, inflated little monsters, with their 'marks' in exams., their minds so sand-papered that all originality is gone and only smooth smartness, pertness, and self-satisfaction exist. And these poor creatures find that life is not solved by any of the rules they have

learned—and they have learned nothing else, but have lost what nature gave them. I don't think that a horse is ever driven past a schoolhouse without laughing."
Now, what can you say to a man who "goes on" like that?
MACK.

The Fable of the Two Eggs.

ONCE upon a time it happened that a scarlet egg—colored for Easter-tide—slipped into a basket of virgin white ones.

Naturally the virgin white eggs were not pleased with the company of the scarlet stranger because—well, because there are other colors that have more savory reputations. So the oldest egg in the basket was deputed to interview the new-comer.

"Why do you inflict your odious society upon us?" asked the white egg. "Don't you know that your color is offensive? Are you not aware that it is a Type of Sin?"

"I beg your pardon," replied the scarlet egg, "but I was placed here by circumstances over which I had no control. If I had chosen my own company I should not have mixed with a lot of pale-faced prudes like you."

"Prudes! Pale-faced! Why, you shameless hussy, we pride ourselves on our chaste hue. But you, why, I'll bet you're bad!"

"I assure you I have nothing bad in me. I have been blown."

"Well," said the white egg with a grim smile, "you'd better do no blowin' around here. A blown egg may have no bad in it, but it's equally true that there's no good in it."

"There are others,"

"What!" shrieked the white egg. "Do you mean to insinuate that I'm not a fresh egg?"

"Oh, you're fresh enough," retorted the stranger significantly. "I'll admit that."

"Now," continued the white egg, "even if we didn't draw the color line so closely, there's another thing against you, by your own admission. There is absolutely nothing in you. You have none of the elements of an omelette, an egg-nog, a gin-fizz, or—or—or any of those things that make the world better and happier."

"True, true," sobbed the scarlet one.

"You are a hollow mockery!" The white egg was warming to its subject. "You are as the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal."

But at this juncture the chef seized the white egg and broke it up for a custard.

"That egg was rotten," said the cook as he held his nose.

And the scarlet egg mused on two verses of scripture which speak of "whited sepulchres" and "inside is ravening wickedness."

Moral—Many a bad egg has a virtuous exterior.



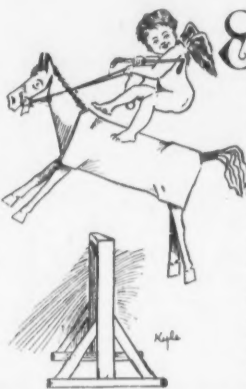
The baseball grounds at Hanlan's Point will, when the alterations are completed, be the best, perhaps, in Canada. In the accommodation for the people and in the selection of his men Manager Irwin is making a bold bid for the patronage of the best people in Toronto. In Washington baseball draws the finest crowds that witness the game on the continent, the President and the official set, also all the visiting notables, going to see the home games. It is quite the thing, I am told. Mr. Irwin proposes to merit the same class of support here. Earl Wagner, the manager of the Washington team, was here one day last year when a great holiday crowd witnessed a match, and he said that Washington could make no better showing. The local manager thinks that Toronto can do still better. In selecting his men Mr. Irwin has always had a fondness for college men, believing that they are likely to have learned the necessity for team play and "systems," and are therefore more capable of being coached than players who have just tumbled up to the top. Moreover, he recognizes the fact that Toronto people do not care to see rows and quarrels and to hear violent language, and so this year, as last, he has, where possible, signed college players or men who can appreciate the fact that baseball must be "respectable," as Toronto understands the word, if the game is to thrive here. By a very much-to-be-applauded new rule, the umpires will this year have power to deal peremptorily with players who are guilty of insubordination or who use bad language—it being permissible to expel a man from the league for the season or for life for these offences. If the umpires are of the right stamp—not only brave in dealing with players who offend, but brave in defying the unjust roars that sometimes come from the spectators—we may see great improvements in the morale of the game this season. Manager Irwin has already signed these men: Casey and Reid, catchers; Carney, 1st base; Taylor, 2nd base; Watkins, 3rd base; Sheehan, i.f.; Fox, c.f.; Grey or Freeman, r.f.; Cochrane, general utility man; Williams, Gaston, Risling, Suthoff, McFarland and Lipp, pitchers. A short-stop has not yet been signed. It has been reported that Casey would not be with us this year—but the town will quit the game when Casey quits the town.

It is gratifying to learn that so praiseworthy an institution as the Toronto Swimming Club, whose chief object is the training of its members in the art of saving life from drowning, stands firm upon its legs. The financial report for the past year shows a balance on the right side and a larger number of members than ever before. The officers for 1898 elected recently are: President, S. H. Clark; vice-president, Charles S. Norris; secretary, T. W. W. Jones; treasurer, W. J. Stitt; committee, B. H. Brown, W. J. Graham and A. Firth. The water-polo team finished second in the league matches held in T.A.C.'s tank this winter. The club is arranging for commodious quarters on the Island for this summer.

"The Higbees are going to housekeeping again." "Tired of hotel life?" "No; but their dachshund has got tired of hotel food."—Brooklyn Life.

The Ontario Jockey Club.

Report of a Visit to the Seagram, Hendrie, Gorman, Duggan and Davies Stables—The Outlook for the May Meet.



EVERYTHING seems to indicate that there will be a banner meeting of the Ontario Jockey Club this year. There are more horses now in training in Canada than ever before and many of them are of a very high class. Mr. W. P. Frazer, who has taken Mr. Lyndhurst Ogden's place as secretary of the club, informs me that the number of entries from United States owners will be larger than in any past year, and many of the crack-jacks now racing in the South will contest against the Canadian horses at Woodbine. The Toronto meeting does not clash dates with any of the Southern racing associations, and is not too close to the dates fixed by the Brooklyn Jockey Club to prevent good horses being shipped here from New York after the big handicap is over.

Mr. Seagram's motto is "Let them come." He is too good a sportsman to fear competition, and in fact has not very much cause to do so, for he now has the largest string owned by an individual turfman in America. Havoc, the prince of this great stable, is a horse of the very highest quality. Only a scant half-length separated him from Ben Brush when that horse won the Suburban Handicap last year, and Havoc turned the tables later on by beating Ben Brush in the Oriental Handicap in a furious drive, going the mile and a quarter in 2:08. Morpheus, another grand race-horse, has no equal in America as a sprinter, and Mr. Boyle hopes to have him ready for the word when the Ontario Jockey Club's meeting commences. There are no less than thirty-eight two-year-olds in the Seagram string, and all of them are choicely bred. One filly in particular, by Morpheus, is a beautiful one. Her dam is Bow Bella, and Mr. T. C. Patterson very aptly christened her Curfew Bell. She is a handsome, large chestnut, and in conformation shows all the strong points of her sire. If she has his speed, Mr. Seagram may well be proud of her.

Five horses of the Waterloo stable are in training for the Queen's Plate. These are: Bon Ino, Dalmoor, Abbotford, The Tar and Sardonyx. The last named is a three-year-old by Saragossa, the best and gamest horse that Seagram ever owned. He is rather small in size and has a nice easy way of going. Dalmoor is a powerful four-year-old and should be a hard horse to beat, especially if the track is heavy. Bon Ino looks better than she did last year, and as she was a close second to Ferdinand in the Queen's Plate race then, her chances this year are looked upon as being particularly good. She has been played rather extensively in the winter books even at the short price of 2 to 1 and 7 to 5. Williams, one of the cleverest jockeys riding in the East last season, has been secured by Mr. Seagram. The string, which will number between 55 and 60, will be shipped here early next month, and will be quartered at the old Newmarket track, where additional accommodation is being provided for them.

Thanks to the courtesy of Mr. James W. Hendrie I had an opportunity to examine thoroughly all the horses at Valley Farm last week. He will bring to Toronto a string of eighteen thoroughbreds. I do not think he has a Plater this year that can beat Mr. Seagram's province-breds, but this fact does not dishearten Mr. Hendrie. He intends to keep on until he does get one that can win the coveted guineas, and when the brown and yellow is seen in front in that race the victory will be a popular one. He has one colt now at the farm which may possibly develop into a dangerous candidate. This youngster is the three-year-old Disorder by Order, sire of the great Ornament. His dam is Irish Queen, a handsome brood-mare by Pat Malloy. Disorder is 15 hands 2½ inches high and is strong and sound.

Dumbarton is a fine specimen of a four-year-old. He was always popular at Woodbine and is especially a lady's favorite. Many a fair one in the members' stand was grievously disappointed when Stonemason beat him by a short head in a race last year. He will be seen again at Woodbine, and as all his lameness has disappeared may be counted on to win a couple of races.

The high-class colt Harvey, by Himyar, is a magnificent three-year-old. He is the heaviest horse in the stable and one of the handsomest types of a thoroughbred I ever looked upon. He will not race at Woodbine, as in order to get him in trim he would have to be hurried along in his preparatory work, and that is dangerous, especially with so valuable a colt as this one is. Harvey will not start until the Highland Park meeting. Looman, the erratic Himyar, looks stronger than he did last year, and if he races kindly can show a great turn of speed. Mr. Hendrie has Harvey's half-sister at the farm. She is a strong two-year-old, very like Harvey in conformation and color. She will race at Woodbine. Versatile will not be asked to race again, but he will have a pleasant home for life at Valley Farm. He was a game fellow in his day, and if memory serves me, made a record at Chicago that has not been beaten. The handsome stallion, Derwentwater, is also at the farm, and there are 34 brood-mares, 24 of which are in foal. Fifteen fine yearlings cavorted around a field, making one of the prettiest sights to be seen at the farm. A two-year-old that Mr. Hendrie prizes very highly is Martimas, by Candemas. He is a handsome specimen and will try against all the youngsters at the coming meeting. Braemar Jig, the peculiarly named Queen's Plater, owes that appellation to his breeding. He is by Norwegian, dam Scotch Reel, and the Braemar Jig, I am informed, is a Norwegian dance.

Coquette's many friends will be glad to learn that she has settled down and is now a sedate matron. Many a hard race she fought out for the honor of the brown and yellow, especially with her particularly hated rival, Martyrdom, of the Seagram string.

None of the Hendrie horses have done any track work until a few days ago, and are not as far advanced as the Seagram horses, but the neat five-furlong course at the farm is now in good condition and a couple of weeks will make a great difference in the appearance of the horses. They will be shipped to Toronto about the same time as last year. Walker has been engaged to ride for another year. He is at present in New Orleans, but will report for duty on April 1.

John Walker, former trainer for the Seagram stable, has shipped his horses to Cincinnati. Lookout took sick and had to be sent back from the station. Walker told me on the day of his departure that he would be back here for the May meeting. John Brennan's horses will come here in the pink of condition. In Laurentian he has a colt that should puzzle most of the many good ones which will be at Woodbine Park.

The course across the Don has dried out more quickly this year than ever before as long as I have known it, and horses are already galloping on the outer side. Mr. John Nixon has half-a-dozen horses in his charge, including Gaynor, Herbert Simpson's Hi Ban Villette, and E. B. Clancey's Tamora. The last named is a fast little filly formerly of the Orpen string. Mr. A. J. Small has placed his sterling mare Sue Kittle in charge of George Dock. She will race at the coming meeting. New stables are being erected at the eastern end of the track, and horsemen will not have to keep their horses in old barns miles away as they have had to do in former years. While the carpenters are at the track it would not be a bad idea to set them to work at remodeling the betting enclosure. The present one would be a disgrace to a county fair ground.

Gorman has the finest-looking racing string quartered in the vicinity of Woodbine. Kenosha and Odd Genius, both good winners as three-year-olds last year, improved wonderfully during the winter months and look fit for a hard campaign. Anna Lyle, a mare that was slow in rounding to last year, but redeemed herself later on, is also in fine fettle, and Wink is a beautiful three-year-old. Savarin, now with the Gorman string, is the horse that beat Kenosha at Fort Erie last year in a selling race and was claimed and passed over to the Canadian horseman. Dom Pedro, one of the gamest steeplechasers that ever went through the field, is sound again, although the injury he sustained in his last race at Hamilton last year troubled him somewhat during the early winter. Whitefoot is the Queen's Plater of the stable. She is a three-year-old and is speedy-looking, but very light.

Joseph Duggan has thirty-five horses in his stables on the Kingston road, about a dozen of which will be trained for the Woodbine meeting. The youngest animal on the farm is a little filly born on St. Patrick's Day. She has already been named Queen of Erin. Moral is one of the finest weanlings I ever saw. He is by Balmoral, a famous English sire, and his dam, Sunny Morn, by Creamore, was imported by Mr. Duggan. Although only ten months old, he already looks like a race-horse. Great things are expected of Asterling, an imported English colt by Asterling. He is a big, strong three-year-old, with many of the points of a race-horse about him, and Mr. Duggan has decided to start him for the rich Toronto cup. That is the hardest race of the meeting to win, as it is the richest, and the Seagram entries alone, Havoc, Tragedian and Connoisseur, are a hard trio to beat, but Asterling will have a very light impost, and light-weighted outsiders often win large stakes. For the first time in many years Mr. Duggan has no entries for the Queen's Plate, nor does he intend to enter any on May 1.

Robert Davies' horses have wintered well at Thorncliffe, and the track there being high and dry is fit for the horses to exercise upon. Kilrona, the little black flyer that went lame last year, is sound again and will be seen at Woodbine. Zeal is also in good form. She won several good races last year and was, in fact, the best race-horse in the stable. The Plater, Garter King, has filled out wonderfully, and if his work warrants it, will start for the guineas. Horsemen will remember Lou D. As a two-year-old she was very fast, but did not run kindly on the flat. Last fall she was schooled over the jumps and did remarkably well. A man who has ridden both horses says she is as good a jumper as Thorncliffe. If such is the case she will bear watching in the Red Coat race, and will also be a factor in the Hunters' Flat.

JOHN F. RYAN.

Unreasoning Hatred of the Jews.

STRICTLY speaking, every kind of hatred might be said to be unreasoning, but if there is one manifestation of it more than another to which the term may be applied, says *Youth's Companion*, it is the recent European demonstrations of hatred of the Jews.

The Jew is used to persecution. In Russia he is compelled to live within prescribed districts. In Austria and Roumania he is the victim of mob violence or of street ruffians who sometimes even assault and rob him with impunity. In Germany an active political party makes his expulsion the chief article of its faith. In most European countries, if he is not subject to legal disabilities, he is discriminated against to such an extent that it comes to the same thing.

Just at present it is in France, whose republican institutions should be a guarantee of utmost tolerance, that the most shocking manifestations of hatred of the Jews are being made. What is there in the question of the guilt or innocence of Captain Dreyfus which should stir up mobs in the streets of Paris and other French cities to shout, "Down with the

Jews!" and to attack Jewish houses and shops? Simply this: that Dreyfus is a Jew, and that fact so warps the judgment of thousands of Frenchmen that they are almost ready to mob anyone who suggests that he ought to have a new and open trial.

A Jew stabs a Spaniard in Algiers—very likely in self-defence. Immediately a mob gathers, crying, "Down with the Jews!" and begins breaking open Jewish shops and maltreating all Jews whom it finds on the streets. If an Italian had stabbed the Spaniard, there would have been no mob shouting, "Down with the Italians!" What impels the mob is not horror at the man's crime, but blind, unreasoning hatred of Jews as Jews.

Such demonstrations are a revival of the savagery of the Middle Ages. They are out of place in the nineteenth century, and they disgrace the communities which tolerate them.

There is nothing in the Jewish character which affords any justification of such treatment. In whatever country the Jew is, he is a good citizen. His respect for law is one of his strongest traits. He is not addicted to any repellent vices. He is patient, industrious and thrifty. He does not furnish a large quota to the prisons, and to a larger extent than most people he takes care of his own poor, and keeps them from becoming a public charge.

To hate a man, and to wish to inflict pain upon him or to do him a wrong, not because of anything that he has done, but because he happens to have been born of a certain race, is one of the basest feelings which can prompt human conduct.

Footnote to the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.

I looked within the temples men have reared; Their untrue arches crumbling Time had reared. No earthing mason ever hath built aright, And false he wrought because he hath not feared.

O while the great round sun illumines the world, All lesser lights like shadows dim are furled. Shall pigmy man, with mind derived from Thee Seize Thy prerogative—and down be hurled!

Who formed thy feet doth he not know thy way: Canst thou unguided steer, nor go astray? Thy human eyes view dangers at thy feet, But miss the hidden pit one step away.

The child who, fearful, makes one tottering pace, And then, bewildered, seeks his mother's face, Shows he not deeper trust, more reverent hope, Than you who walk by sight and not by grace?

Our wills are ours; that they are free allow; Grudge thee to serve a Maker, here and now! 'Tis like some acorn which should rank in power, Its bitter shell, with forests, root and bough.

For we are other than a shadowy row Of shapes which dance where they are bid to go; Let heaven's lamp shine but brightly enough and we Be found as real men as light may show.

Our human hands mould other things than dust, Our deathless wills win crowns that may not rust; Our straining eyes oft seek in vain for light, But e'en faint hearts may lean on prayer—and trust.

We wait, Time's merchants, by Life's tossing main: Our far-blown ventures, fraught with bliss or pain; Do we but keep Faith's beacon lit and trim, Our freighted hopes safe anchorage shall gain.

Ye skies, o'erdarkened now with Doubt, be bright; Shine, Sun of Love, put earthly clouds to flight; Shall nobly, soul, the glorious height to win; All is of faith, God's human plans are right.

REUBEN BUTCHART.

A Commercial Traveler's Adventure.

I WAS driving one day in March (I think it was in 1867), from Chetopa, Kansas, to Oswego, and was carrying \$700 of the firm's collections in a belt around my waist (writes H. G. T. in *Lestie's Weekly*).

I was traveling for a whisky house of Kansas City, and collections were prompt and heavy, and I often had a fear of encountering some of the lawless stragglers, unorganized nomadic remnants of both armies, ready to take a man's life for a few dollars, which infested the country at that time.

I left Chetopa at two o'clock in the afternoon, intending to drive to Oswego, a distance of fourteen miles, by dark. The conversation around the fire at the hotel was not calculated to reassure a nervous man, but I assured the landlord, who cautioned me as I drove off, that I did not have enough money to tempt the most desperate highwayman, and that I had no nerves.

Through some unaccountable mental freak, however, there rose before me the image of two rough-looking men who were loitering about the stables as I left, and who had seemed interested in my horses. So strong did the conviction grow on me that these men were desperate characters that I began to fancy I was being followed, and got up to look through

the curtain-glass at the back of the buggy. My fears were well founded, for a mile or two back, over the road I had just come, were two men on horseback. Of course I could not tell at that distance what sort of looking fellows they were, but I laid the whip to my horses and started them into a swinging lope. My road lay along a stretch of open ground, broken now and then by an irregular ravine. It was early in March, and the ground was frozen after a thaw, so that my light vehicle bounced and swayed as my horses increased their speed, like a ship at sea. I unfastened my wrappings and unbuckled the holsters of two pistols which I always carried hung to the dash-board, so that I might get at them easily, and then looked back again.

The men were in swift pursuit, and so near that I now recognized them for the two I had seen at the stables. I plied the whip again and my horses sprang into a mad gallop. I was a heavy fellow even then, but I was tossed from one side of that buggy to the other like a rubber ball. The bare ground on either side flew by as if I were on a railroad train. As we swept down into a ravine and up the other side we just escaped being upset, but I laid the whip on again, for the town of Oswego was barely a couple of miles away. I gave one more look. Yes, my pursuers were the identical two I had feared, and were gaining on me. I allowed my team to slacken their pace a little, and got out my pistols and laid them on the seat beside me, and waited for the robbers. They did not appear. Venturing another look, I saw, to my surprise, that they also had slackened their speed.

This was strange. Perhaps, after all, they were afraid to hold me up so near to town. At any rate, I began to breathe more freely. As I drove into the main street the two men passed me with a civil salutation. One of them said: "Well, mister, that's a nifty little team you're driving. You seemed to be having a right smart runaway for a while. We rid as fast as we could, 'lowin' to help you stop 'em, but we see you got 'em under hand at last."

"Who are those men?" I asked of the colored boy who came out of the hotel to take my smoking horses to the stable.

"One of 'em is Marse John Norton, de sheriff of Labette county; turrer one is Mr. Peyton, sar—owns dat printin'-office 'cross de street."

A Cruel Joke.

IT was the merry 1st of April, which by a curious coincidence, as has been remarked concerning Christmas, comes but once a year. In the parlor of an elegantly furnished residence sat a maiden lady of some forty-two summers, in conversation with a person of the opposite sex, who might have passed for a gentleman but for the unfeeling conduct about to be narrated, and who was obviously considerably her junior.

"Miss Anteck," he said hesitatingly, after a pause in the conversation, "I—I want to ask a great favor of you."

"Well, Mr. Freshly," she replied smirkingly, "I really don't know—you men are so—so exacting, as it were, sometimes—but what is it?"

"May I gaze at you?" "The idea! I never was so insulted in my life! As you value my friendship, never dare to hint at such a thing again, sir."

"But you know," he urged, "we've been friends so long, Miss Anteck. I think you might favor me so far for once."

"Oh, I really couldn't think of it. Keep away, sir."

"There really isn't any harm in a kiss," he persisted.

"Oh, such folly. Please don't say any more about it."

"Oh, come now," he pleaded, with a look into which were compressed volumes of languishing entreaty.

She deliberated and was lost.

"Well," she replied reluctantly, "It is a favor I have never granted to any of my gentleman friends. But if I could be certain that you would be satisfied with one kiss—"

"I assure you upon my honor that I will."

"Now just one, remember," she whispered, leaning forward with an expression of pleased expectancy. "Just one—quick now, before we are interrupted."

"April fool, Miss Anteck," said the fiend as he quitted the apartment with a mocking laugh.

They now meet as strangers, with no other token of recognition than a quiet smile and a stony glare respectively.

PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

The Artists in a Ferment.

THERE seems to be no definite boundaries to criticism, and it is hard to determine just how far one may go without overstepping the legitimate limit. In a rough way it may be set down that literary criticism should be helpful to literature, dramatic criticism to the drama, and art criticism to art. The critic of art may be said to be an interpreter, an intermediary, who explains the artist and his art to the masses of people who are neither critics nor artists. If a man writes of art and serves neither as a herald announcing the advent of something in the nature of art nor as an interpreter who explains and introduces, it is not easy to regard him as a critic. If he attacks, without justifying his course, it must rank as but a common case of assault.

The Canadian artists are much disturbed by the attack of the *Telegram* on the R. C. A. exhibition, in which only four or five men are described as worthy the name of "artist." The articles complained of are not regarded as a criticism, but as an assault. The man might as well have used an axe as a pen. His strokes would have been as gentle, his purpose and his achievement quite as artistic. The same wood-chopping methods, if applied to anything else, would be as destructive as the two articles were meant to be to the hopes and pretensions of many whose pictures were condemned without measure. The same style of attack could be made on any art gallery in the world.

It is generally conceded that we have not had an art exhibition in Toronto that gave so little provocation for the attack, and it is only too evident that the *Telegram* writer has had his rod in pickle for some time. He censured without reserve, because he had planned to make the attack. One artist, whose work is usually of the finest and whose skill is nowhere in dispute, is ranked by this tip-stave among the four immortals, yet the picture that he praises is perhaps the worst piece of work that the artist has ever done. But he had marked this artist for approval, as he had marked a dozen others for censure. He need not have visited the gallery at all, I venture to say, for his opinions bear no evidence of having been born or educated in the presence of the pictures that he praised or ignored.

Were there poor pictures on the line and on the wall? Granted. Do some artists sell pictures at auction? Alas, it is true. But what would you have? It is also true that year by year the exhibitions improve in character, and the work done by our artists—by many of them, at least—improves in quality. We have reason to be encouraged rather than to despair, and the fact still stands that the poorest painter is still doing more for art than the richest citizen or the loftiest critic. We have some artists whose pictures are valued; we have no critics whose opinions on art subjects possess any value. We have a hodge-podge of people here, and our artists are turning out work that is symmetrical and perfect by comparison with the public taste. I do not believe that in the R. C. A. exhibition there was a single picture so poor but that it could be purchased and placed in any one of some thousands of homes in Toronto, with vast benefit to the people who secured it—not one picture so poor but that it would be a cause of thanksgiving if it could find a purchaser and go forth as a missionary to spread the truth that paintings are paintings and the work of human hands—originals, such as they are, the artists' own, and hanging on no other wall in Christendom.

The great bulk of well-to-do people have been slow to interest themselves in original paintings, and now that an influential newspaper has made such a slashing attack on the work of the majority of our artists, they may be encouraged to still longer evade a duty to themselves and to their homes. A calm consideration of the whole question will not enable any person, I think, to endorse or justify, or even excuse, the sweeping condemnation passed on many of our artists who are honestly persevering and improving and doing as good work as is being done by their local contemporaries in literature or in any other branch of the arts. If some of our artists are in advance of the others it is equally true of some of our musicians, some of our dabblers in fiction, some of our poets; but our writers, our poets, our musicians as a class are not more advanced than our artists, and I fancy that in no other branch of art we are so advanced as we are in painting.

We have some painters; we have no critics of painting. We have some painters and they have few clients. The press and the people might well enter the R. C. A. exhibition with awe and thanksgiving—it is better than they deserve, and such progress as it has made has been made in despite of them.

Books and Shop-Talk.

The Son of the Czar, by James M. Graham, is an historical romance that pleases the people more than the critics. It is described as a rattling story. The Pride of Jennico is another historical romance that will delight the reading public without quite pleasing the critics. It is the stirring story of a young Englishman's love adventure with a continental princess, and I recommend it, without divulging the secret of the plot. The authors are Agnes and Egerton Castle, and the book is published in Canada by the Copp, Clark Company, Limited.

February was made notable by the publication of three popular novels: Simon Dale by Anthony Hope, Shrewsbury by Stanley J. Weyman, and A Desert Tragedy by A. Conan Doyle. Shrewsbury had the advantage of coming out first, and it had an uninterrupted field for its sale for two weeks. Simon Dale, however, is generally reported to be the "best seller" of the three, and a large second edition has followed closely on the heels of the first great supply.

Many anecdotes are going the rounds of the press about the gentleman who is understood to have written Alice in Wonderland, and these little stories show that he always grew confused when questioned and declined to admit that he was the author. Is this not significant? Does it not go to prove that Francis Bacon wrote Alice in Wonderland?

Third editions are being printed of John Oliver Hobbes' The School for Saints and of George Gissing's The Whirlpool.



Baby (as Percy passes on his way home after casting his first vote)—Boy! Boy! Boy!

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Anecdotal.

"The Lounger," in the *Critic*, says that he was walking with a lady and pointed out to her the author of a recent widely read novel taking his dignified afternoon stroll in the avenue. "He is famous for his conceit," I explained. "Oh, I see," she answered, "and he thinks he is famous for his novel."

Charles I. was one day talking with some of his courtiers when the discussion turned upon dogs. It was agreed that spaniels and greyhounds were the most faithful of dogs, but as to which of the two excelled remained in dispute. "I prefer the greyhound," said King Charles, "because it has all the good nature of the spaniel without the fawning."

Sir Blount Maple, on the occasion of his first speech in the House of Commons, sat down on the new silk hat that he had provided in honor of the auspicious occasion. As he was ruefully surveying his battered headgear, Mr. Tim Healey arose and gravely said: "Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honorable gentleman on the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it."

Members of the House of Commons are not allowed to address each other by name, but in debate must refer to each other as the "Honorable member for ——" or "My honorable friend." The formula for a lawyer is "Honorable and learned" and for an officer "Honorable and gallant." The leader of the House, W. H. Smith, was once referred to in a speech as "The right honorable learned gentleman." "No, no," he corrected, disclaiming the distinction amid much laughter, "I beg the honorable gentleman's pardon, I'm not learned."

Some years ago (says the *Evening Sun*) Edward E. Rice was presented to Von Bulow at a club dinner in Boston. It was just about the time that all Europe was talking of Mme. Von Bulow's flirtation with Verdi, who had taught the pianist almost all he ever knew about music. "I want you to become acquainted with Mr. Rice," said a friend; "he doesn't know anything about music, but he has composed several operas." "Delighted, I am sure," murmured the great pianist with a sarcastic smile; "he reminds me of a man I knew at home; his name is Verdi."

Hurrah for woman suffrage! The London *Daily News* tells the following story of the County Council election: At a west end polling station, a lady voter entered and requested to be instructed how to vote. "Make a cross opposite the names you wish to vote for," said the polling clerk; "but you must not vote for more than two." "Which two shall I vote for?" enquired she. "Ah," replied the clerk, "as to that I must not advise you." "Well, then, I shall vote for the first two names." So she gave one vote to a Progressive and another to a Moderate, and went away satisfied.

A French physician has recently expired in a truly professional manner. He pointed out the precise moment when his pneumonia developed fatal symptoms, and predicted exactly when death would supervene. This reminds James

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Payn that Haller died in a somewhat similar manner. Feeling his own pulse, when he found it almost gone, he turned to a brother physician with, "My friend, the artery ceases to beat," and died. Keats, less technical and accurate, but with an equal perception of his approaching end, said: "I feel the daisies growing over me." Some, however, have not only no prescience of their coming fate, but their conviction is entirely the other way. "I do not mean to be killed to-day," was the remark of the great Turenne a moment before he was struck by the cannon-shot that killed him.

Between You and Me.

ONE day lately in glancing at a new book of poetry, expecting but little, I found something very near and true. I wonder how many of us have answered to this description when estrangement has come and circumstances were too strong for our handling:

So, with resigned and acquiescent heart,
When'er your name on some chance lip may lie,
I seem to see an alien shade pass by.
A spirit wherein I have no lot or part.
Thus may a captive, in some fortress grim,
From casual speech betwixt his warders, learn
That June on her triumphal progress goes
Through arched and bannered woodlands; while for him
She is a legend emptied of concern,
And idle is the rumor of the rose.

And while the dreary shadow of severance
accented its form outlines and the soul ached
with a memory of a pain, I made another find,
Reunion, of which the last line is such a subtle
treasure:

From the cold North came Love, maid of the South,
Her exile past, her radiant eyes alight,
Behind her all the chilling breath of Scorn.
The glittering Polar star of deathless Hate.
In her pink hand two roses, red with life,
Of which the sweeter, smiling, gave she me!

And the curious part of it was that the first
writer was on the West Coast and the second
on the Atlantic, both appeared in print on the
same day, in the same batch of literature, and
that while I was thinking about them the mists
of a personal misunderstanding with a
cherished friend were unexpectedly cleared away.

"The true test of a book is very simple," said the Professor, with his finger-tips touching, and his eyes shut, as he leaned back in his chair. "If you can read it three times and find more in it the third time than the first! It need not always please you as much the third time, but it's worth more to you." And I murmured, "But of course you notice more things the third time in any book." "I don't," said the Professor shortly. "I am apt to notice the same things, only often they look shopworn and not quite so interesting as at first. That shows their quality. Sometimes, however, the more you look at them the clearer you see their charm and value." "But some persons never seem to catch that charm." "Some persons," said the Professor impatiently, "prefer to read aloud. There's no need to consider their case. Do you know," and here he turned one of those intimate and illuminating glances on me that always make me hold my breath and listen, "it's one of the hardest things I have to do, to read the Bible aloud to a parcel of inattentive, politely submissive persons every Sunday." And then, as if he regretted having confessed, he picked up the book we had both been reading for the third time and marched out of the library. Putting his head back he smiled gently at me. "How many times have you read The Choir Invisible?" And I laughed. "I am just beginning to understand you," was what I answered.

Half of the letters which come to the newspapers are from persons who are worrying over something. To the women editors write lovers who worry over the course of true love, and want it straightened out as the Don river was treated—as if anyone did not know that the real, genuine love affair wouldn't be worth its salt if it didn't have its ruffled shallows, and its whirling, irrational eddies, and its stagnant ill-temper and sulks, and its devious ways and deep, dark places. The parson and the marriage license come along with their Don improvement notions and lo! a placid, conventional, uninteresting canal, and water rates, and bread bills, and gas accounts, and twins. And another lot of letters worry over the Government, and they are like a terrier worrying a cat. There is lots of growling and spitting and swearing, and sometimes a kill, and other times poor puss safe on the woodshed and terrier worry yapping and leaping in futile fury below. And plenty more worry over social questions, and a great number over civic misdoings, and the observance of the Sabbath, and the wearing of the green, and the flaunting of the orange, and oh! the worry over the meaning of this and that text, and the translation of this and that tense. If that beneficent club, the "Don't Worry," ever becomes an institution in the Dominion, most of our correspondents will have to turn to the consideration of vital issues, which of course won't be an unmixed evil. Seriously, the Don't Worry Society is already doing a big work, especially among its women members. Its simple watchword is erasing more wrinkles and softening more angles than the most famous Beauty Doctor on top of the earth. Women, who being naturally mercurial, sensitive and uncertain, have suffered most, are gaining poise, are coming near to understanding why, when the earthly manifestation of the Perfect was ready to depart, his gift was not power, nor endurance, nor inspiration, but peace! Peace is the one thing needful, poise, steadiness; who can build a life-work on shifting sand? All this may sound a bit stale to some of you, but in this vibrating, tremulous, expectant, eager age it comes with a home force it lacked when the world went slower and the souls of men were a bit drowsy. We used, when we were sore beset, to stretch out on our backs to the quiet grave and dream a curious dream of sleep and recuperation and refuge in connection with it. Is it not a noble thing if we no longer want to sneak into a corner and let life go by? Is it not a beautiful aim rather to gain the control of ourselves so that we shall keep our goods in peace, and let the worry wear itself out impotent and baffled? The soul that is at peace, even only by fits and

starts of self-conquests, knows a better repose than a hole in the ground and an overlapping of black oblivion such as tempts many a tortured, distracted creature in this age of hasty exits. When a member of the Don't Worry Society commits suicide I shall cheerfully believe that the pigs do fly!

I present another society to my readers. It is called the "If I were you's" and is intimately connected with the idea of Charles Reade's greatest novel, Put Yourself in His Place, which the old doctor therein declares is the secret of Christianity. The "If I were you's" are slow in judgment and quick in sympathy. They have to be! And they do more work that they don't get paid for than any other kind, because their curious perversity leads them to make that absurd precept to consider others rather than themselves a working principle. They are very dear people, all the same, *malgre* their unreasonableness! They need not belong to any particular belief, nor be of any particular complexion. Some exceedingly black ones are past grand masters of the "If I were you's." These last carry things to the extremes in the particular of concentration of their service, and tales are told of their happily giving up their bodies to be tortured in place of the cherished object of their devotion. This draws the "If I were you's" tie into a pretty hard knot, but it has happened. I don't believe it would hurt most of us, even those who are life members of the Don't Worry, to also join the "If I were you's." They work well together, only the latter is an outward and visible sign of our love to our neighbor, and the former is an inward and spiritual grace of our appreciation of ourselves.

LADY GAY.

A Crippled Shadow.

The Remarkable Statement of Jas. Davis of Vittoria.

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"Knowing that I am a living monument of the wonderful curing properties of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I deem it my duty as a grateful man to give my testimony for the aid of such as are afflicted as I was. I am a resident of the village of Vittoria, Ont., and have lived in the town or neighborhood all my life and am therefore well known and what I say can be easily proved. Three years ago I was stricken with and partially paralyzed by rheumatism, and after being under the care of two physicians I was given up to die. I wasted to a human skeleton; nothing more than a crippled shadow. I lost the use of my limbs entirely and food was given me by a spoon. Life was not worth living and such an existence was indeed miserable. Thus I awaited the end to come, an end of human suffering too awful to depict. As a last resort I was persuaded by my friends to try medical treatment in the General Hospital in Toronto, and after spending several weeks there came home disheartened and even worse than before. While writhing in the pangs of pain, discouraged and ready to die, I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and of the marvelous cures they effected. While doubting that they would cure me I was prevailed upon to take them. The effect was marvelous. For two long years I had not enjoyed a single night's rest and I then slept a sweet sleep which seemed like heaven to me. I revived, could eat and gradually grew stronger and as I gained strength my hope of living increased. I have taken forty-one boxes, which may seem a large quantity to some, but be it remembered I had taken many times their value in other medicines and had been declared incurable by doctors. The result is I am now able to undergo hard physical exercise. All my large circle of friends and acquaintances welcomed me back in their midst and life seems real again. The fact is beyond all question that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a last and only medicine proved successful in reaching the germs of my disease and saved me from a life of misery and pain. Again I say as a grateful man that I cannot too strongly recommend this remarkable medicine to all fellow beings who are afflicted with this terrible malady.

JAMES DAVIS.

The above testimony is signed in presence of
ERNEST WEBSTER MAYBEE.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not desired.

A YELLOW KID.—The age is not sentimental, kiddo dear. That's why pretty valentines are not in vogue. And your writing is very unformed. That's why I am not going to try to study it.

A BACHELOR.—I am exceedingly sorry, but the mistake is so funny that I cannot help laughing. Let us be friends, in goodness's name. Fate plays many a worse trick on many better folk than we.

PRIMROSE.—Your writing was delineated. If you did not see the study it's not my fault. I cannot do it again. It appeared, probably, during your absence. You can look it up on the file at the office any day.

KATHINA.—This is a kind and thoughtful person; refinement and self-control are shown, a good deal of idealism, a firm and reliable will, some tenacity, magnetism and heartiness. Writer would be readier to hope than despond, has bright perception, and a gracious and wise method. Should be the study of a person cultured and clever both.

VENTIN.—A very forceful but quiet personality, firm, independent and slightly combative. Has quick decision and a direct method; would hit from the shoulder, hard and straight. Hasty and somewhat high-strung, but not in the least cranky. Temper fair, anxious for approbation and rather studious of effect. Reasonable, calculating, logical, with some

pride and much self-reliance. Not at all romantic; cheerful and prompt. A well set-up man.

POUVEE III.—Hope I've got your *non de plume*. Glad you would welcome a Women's Club in Toronto. Not much chance of it, though, that I can see. It wants some leading spirit to set and keep it going. 2. Your writing shows a well vitalized and upward impulse, a constant purpose, rather bright, but not very careful mind, adaptable and refined, and above all, optimistic. You have excellent sequence of ideas, appreciation of beauty, and a pretty good imagination; enterprise is shown, fair judgment, and a gracious, receptive and tactful manner. Should be a pretty nice sort.

NO NAME.—I. Your study details a Washington trip and you have forgotten to put a *nom de plume* to it. 2. You are very material and good-tempered, full of sympathy, careful in method, susceptible to influences, fond of beauty, and watchful for the good things of life. You ought to be a hustler in business, of the bluff and hearty type, and might possibly get the better of a bargain while apparently being very generous. It's rather hard to turn you, once you have made up your mind. In matters of affection I think you are inclined to be exacting and obtuse. You have ambitions and a good sequence of ideas.

PAUL JONES.—This is a Guelph pessimist. Please don't get mixed up with the other person of the same name. You're not alike. Say, Paul, never mind the anti-British feeling in Chicago. Don't mix yourself up in family quarrels. Don't feel badly because you don't love anyone; maybe you were intended to go through this incarnation alone. Why? As reparation for something previous or preparation for something subsequent—only reason I can find for lots of things. And you'd like me to emphasize the need of retaliation? Fie, fie, Paul. Funny creature! Your confession that "people annoy you dreadfully sometimes," recalls dear Chumley and the maid of the attic. "She does annoy me so, that girl!" Chirp up, old chap; will delineate you next week. I understand.

DAFFYDOWNBILLY.—I wish others would read the answer to your question. "Which is proper, a lady to be introduced to a gentleman, or a gentleman to a lady?" One hears such queer introductions. "Mr. A., will you allow me to introduce Mrs. B.?" as if Mrs. B. were hunting the acquaintance of Mr. A. It is always presumed that the gentleman is favored by the introduction, and the one whose permission should be asked is certainly the lady. 2. Your writing shows care, originality and concentration. If you don't look out, I'll say you are clever. You are brightly perceptive, inclined to be fickle, prudent and discreet, fond of society and very helpful. Why on earth did you draw lines to write on, and then rub them out? Think I'd not notice it! Oh, you little humbug!

GRETKEN.—I. What's in a name, *madden*? Yet, truly, I agree with you that it's a pity some of the old ones are out at elbows. Never mind if you are out of it; it doesn't amount to much, anyway. I am telling you, and I know all about it. And so you knew me long ago! Well, I must acknowledge to having occupied the surface of the earth for some time. 2. Your writing is ambitious, restless and interesting. Your expression is not as clear as your ideas, but you are remarkably sincere and single-minded, and some culture is shown. You are not content, you will be apt to lose force in action, and your force not being sufficiently concentrated. I am afraid you are given to moods, not being endowed with a placid nature. By all means write whenever you like. It is my business and my pleasure to answer your letters.

AIRY FAIRY LILLIAN.—I. Depends upon the girl. Some are never old enough to my mind. Very few girls do not regret it if they marry at eighteen. You see, what suits a progressive nature at eighteen won't suit it at twenty-five, and a stand-still woman who isn't half bad at eighteen may be a weariness and a burden to a man by the time he has been tied to her for five years. It is a big chance, and the lucky ones are indeed never sufficiently thankful. 2. I haven't any definition of a flirt, poor brainless atom. 3. Marion Crawford's last book is Corleone. 4. There are several first-class singing teachers in Toronto whose names you will find on our music page and you must enquire their terms of themselves. 5. You are a very self-assertive and emphatic young woman, apt to be sharp in tongue and judgment, firm in purpose and constant in opinions. A certain dash and grace shows in your lines, and an aversion to outside influence. It is an eloquent but not a responsive hand. Writer is apt to talk carelessly and overmuch. The faults are those of youth; the virtues promise excellent development. Many happy birthdays to you, my lady!

He is in His Prime.

The Outlook.

"Why do you English persist in talking and writing of the German Emperor as a young man? You never tire of sneering at his youth and raw inexperience; but no other European does. They see in him, as you do not and will not, a man of mature years—in fact, a man in his full prime." So said a cultured Russian the other day; and it is a curious point. Just because the Kaiser has a grandmother, and that grandmother happens to be our Queen, we persist in shutting our eyes to the fact that he is a man of nearly forty years of age. When we speak of a young man in literature we mean a young fellow of twenty-five or so.

Mr. Isaacs—I sell you dot coat at a grad sacrifice. Customer—But you say that of all your goods. How do you make a living? Mr. Isaacs—Mein friend, I make a small profit on de paper and string.—*New York Weekly*.



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How do the Artists Live?

AMONG the many questions the thoughtful and thoughtless asked during the recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, was one propounded by Sir Oliver Mowat, who, with his party, viewed the exhibit and displayed no little interest in it. The question was this: "How do the artists live?" We like it much. It is worthy a statesman, a leader of the people. Ah, yes, that is the question. We have amongst us a profession, having at least forty representatives, occupying itself entirely with the cultivation of the aesthetic nature. It is not a preponderating profession—not notoriously popular. Not that its claims to be considered such are not justifiable, but rather because it deals with what we, with our accustomed valuation of materialism, deem not a necessity, but a luxury; because its end is not the attaining of aught physical, but spiritual, and, as is the manner of this age, we deem the spiritual the less. So the votaries of this profession labor under disadvantages in comparison with the members of other professions; not that personally they are inferior—far from it. Gentlemen they are, and ladies as well, of refined thought and habit, as might be expected from a close association for ten, twenty, thirty or fifty years with the beautiful in all forms. They have traveled, most of them, and as they traveled they not only looked, but saw—saw as only artists can see. They thought as well. They have read, and have come into personal contact with the genius of the art world. Honorable they are in their business relations; not given to the perpetration of legal jokes in the shape of a defrauding of their creditors. Dissipation is not their practice. One has suffered at times severe titillation of the risible faculties as some specimen of the talking biped has, with



Barber—(to bibulous customer)—Now, sir, if you don't hold your head back, I can't shave you! Pitman—A well just cut me hair!—Punch.

that air of profound vacancy only a talking biped can assume, assured us that such a one is "only an artist." Neither is their incompetency the cause of their disability. Their works are not refused because they are crude; they are desirable and sought after, but only by the few. To the many they are beyond their means. It is a question if they should be so. To others the cheap print, whose main excellence lies in the frame, answers all the requirements of a picture. To many who have made their money slowly in this new country they are not necessary. It is a significant fact, and hopeful as well, that those who give most encouragement to art are the younger people, the rising generation.

And so with scarcity of patronage for their legitimate private products, with no demand on their services in public works—for our churches, our schools, our public official buildings are barren of art—what more natural to ask, "How do they live?" Live they must, "even as you and I." And neither on ambrosia nor nectar. They eat, they drink, they marry and are given in marriage—that is, many of them; to a number even this latter privilege seems too expensive and they live their life of single bliss—I mean misery.

To the artist the ideal life would be to drink deep draughts from nature's well, to catch the flow and play of the ideal as it swells and surges in his soul and give it permanent form; to have no care for the financial. But in reality there is scarcely an artist in this city who is not obliged, out of financial considerations, to plod under conditions hurtful to his development as an artist. Some, it may be, paint portraits of obese old gents, worshippers of mammon, and ladies with countenances encased in a crust of conventionality, built to the inch on the architectural principles laid down by Mrs. Grundy; and as they paint they must needs think of the money value of this commission, and the present prospects of another. Not always do they have the privilege of painting ideal forms; away down in their soul are beautiful creations awaiting expression. About the streets flit artistic subjects, but these are not for them. It would not pay to indulge so. Some draw, for the trade, those ghastly apparitions in black and white we find peddled at our doors, and for which so many seem to have a morbid desire. These creations remind us of the skeletons which Tommy Traddles drew to beguile his hours of misery, because "they were easily drawn and didn't require any features." A contract of fifty cartoons, travesties on art, for political

purposes. Another creates to maintain the dear ones at home. Posters to advertise Pim, or something else, wherein is

In a landscape that's geometry run mad: [arity. Whose frock has a sweep with such long parden. And a pattern that no raiment ever had.

More artistic illustrating for literary publications is engaged in by others. "What do you do with your paintings?" was asked recently of an artist. "Paint them out again and cover them with others," was the answer. Another collects the fruit of brains and heart and takes it to the auction room. Others teach, although they prefer not. The dealer in pictures receives the stock of some. Private exhibitions dispose of some of the stock of others, and many sell outside of the city altogether, all involving care, business tact, commercialism not conducive to the cultivation of the aesthetic. And so, whilst striving to cultivate and develop the aesthetic life in themselves, they must needs create that which more often hinders the real development of the ideal in them. Why not adopt some other profession? someone asks. Ah! pray that they may not. Ruskin says: "Let it not displease them (referring to nations) that they are bidden amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life to listen for the few voices and watch for the few lamps which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence nor their light by their decay."

And so the man lives. But how does the artist live? That is not so readily understood. To be or not to be—as an artist—must often be the question. Whether it is nobler to continue to create "pot-boilers" and live, or to take up arms against this sea of troubles and, by being an artist, end them, shuffle off this mortal coil, and let his quietus make. This with apologies to Hamlet. They must be artists. They were born so and no doubt feel, "Woe be unto me if I be not an artist." And how we need them!

The recent exhibition of the R.C.A. shows what can be accomplished under such difficulties. He must be a superficial egotist—sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal—who saw not the human experience underneath all this effort and who lays all stress upon mathematical precision only. Such exhibitions are just what the state of society makes possible. If all the year round society grind and starve the life necessary to the production of the highest type of art, let it not grumble at the end of the year at that manifestation of life it has itself produced. What inducements have artists to produce great works? What means are at their disposal for the production of such? We would ask again the question with which we commenced, "How do the artists live?"

It is one of the ironies of life that Sir Oliver Mowat, the active statesman, was not moved to make the enquiry that he now propounds.

We noticed in the window of the High Grade Art Studio a lovely head of a child made in lunatint tone on porcelain, framed in a very delicate genuine gold-leaf frame. It is the finest thing that has been shown in the portrait line for a long time. The work was done from a photo and is free-hand.

Lamprecht's famous picture entitled Marquette Discovering the Source of the Mississippi, owned by Marquette College in Milwaukee, has been photographed by the United States Postal Department for use as one of the designs in the special issue of postage stamps which the general government has ordered to be made in recognition of the Trans-Mississippi and International Exposition, which will be held in Omaha this summer.

JEAN GRANT.

Henpeck—I have troubles of my own. Mrs. Peck—But you are the partner of my woes. Henpeck—Yes, silent, as in everything else. —Cincinnati Times-Star.

As Time Goes On.

"Nothing continueth in one stay." A comforting consideration or the reverse, according to circumstances. It depends on the direction in which those matters that chiefly concern us are developing. When we are growing richer every year and experience no calamities, time slides agreeably by, and we are inclined to wish the future would hurry along as fast as it conveniently can. One likes to see the fruit ripen rapidly on his own trees; but when every step forward is also a step downward it is quite another thing. Then we would put the steam brakes on Time's wheels, if we could.

And the latter is the sense in which a woman uses the phrase, "as time went on." For her it went on badly—every day being like the postman, come again, with a letter containing evil tidings. And, for her, there had been a long procession of that sort of days, and we can't wonder she got heart sick of it all.

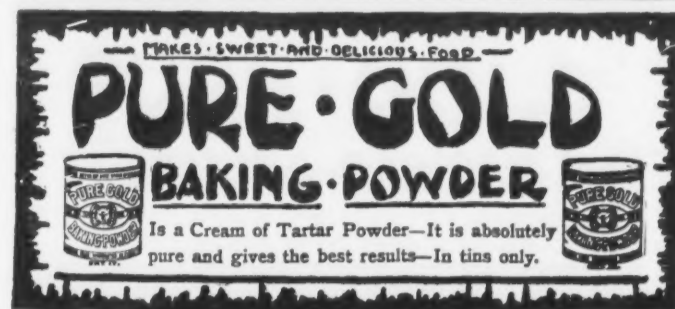
"For ten years," she says, "I was almost continuously ill. I suffered from indigestion and weakness. I had no appetite, and the little food I took gave me great pain at my chest. I had also a sinking feeling with burning pain in

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Is an excellent nutrient tonic. Physicians desiring to prescribe will hardly find anything superior to this.—Health Journal.
"We find that the Ale uniformly well agreed with the patients, that it stimulated the appetite, and thereby increased nutrition. The taste likewise was highly spoken of. In nervous women, we found that a glass at bedtime acted as a very effective and harmless hypnotic."—Superintendent of large United States Hospital.

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Balmoral Castle, Scotland, 25th September, 1896
"Sir, Please forward to Balmoral Castle one dozen 2 1/2 Tins of Benger's Food for M.M. The Empress of Russia, addressed to Miss Coster. We have received the box ordered from Peterhoff.
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the stomach. I was always belching up a sour, disagreeable fluid. I had a gnawing pain in my back and was frequently troubled with palpitation of the heart.

"As time went on I became so weak I had to be assisted to my bed. I could not bear the least noise; my nerves were so irritable and sensitive that I trembled at the slightest unusual sound or occurrence."

Considering what the writer has thus far told us, we shall agree that she was sure to have been "nervous." When the wind blows the cradle will rock; and when the body is weak from semi-starvation, and racked with pain, the nerves are like people in a haunted house—excited and open to every impression, besides sharing the weakness common to the entire system of which they are a part. As we shall see, the nerves came right when the condition which upset them was removed. The

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point is: nervousness is a symptom, not a disease. Don't take narcotics to cure it. "Year after year," the lady says, "I continued like this. I saw a doctor from time to time, but was no better for anything I took. In September, 1891, Mrs. Scholes recommended me to try Mother Seigel's Syrup. I got a bottle and soon found it was doing me good. I could eat and enjoy my food, and it agreed with me. After further use of this medicine (in but a short time) I could do my housework, and felt stronger than I had done for many years."

"I have since been in good health, taking a dose or two of the remedy when needed. I may mention that I had two attacks of influenza, and Mother Seigel's Syrup soon put me to rights. I have recommended this medicine to many persons who have benefited by using it. You are at liberty to publish my statement if you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Elizabeth Pike, 3 Waterloo Cottage, Barwell Road, St. Mary Church, Torquay, September 25, 1896."

Time now goes on with our correspondent more pleasantly than it did; thanks to the providence which led her to employ at last the real remedy for her grievous ailments—dyspepsia. And, since we can pass through this world but once, what a blessing it is to come upon anything that helps to smooth the way. That Mother Seigel's Syrup does so is no vain or boasting assertion. The women in England alone who are indebted to it for rescue from pain, weakness and despair, are quite enough to fill the road from the Monument to Charing Cross. And (what is worth noting) their grateful tongues do more to advertise it better than all we print about it from one Christmas to the next. May time go on with them prosperously and happily until its gentle and painless end shall come.

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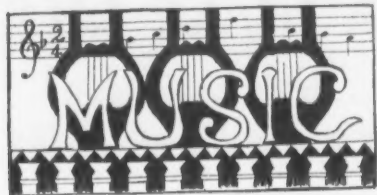
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Mr. George Peake, the eminent Australian musician, whose main stand against the artistic and commercially influenced examination schemes of some of the English institutions was referred to in last week's issue, is conductor of the Melbourne Philharmonic Society, and occupied the important position of organist and chorusmaster for the Centennial Exhibition of 1888, when a most notable musical festival was held, in which Mr. Frederic Cowen, the eminent English conductor, took a prominent part. As a teacher of the piano, Mr. Peake ranks with the best in the colonies, and his influence in musical circles generally is probably second to that of no musician in Australia. His contributions to the leading papers of Australia and England on the subject of musical examinations prove him to be of broad culture with progressive ideas regarding the musical requirements of his adopted country. He is firmly of the opinion that Australia should not be forced to accept the musical ideals of any one country, but should be permitted to work out its destiny in music in harmony with the special requirements and tendencies of the country. Speaking of the flimsy requirements of some of the English examining bodies which have already prospected in Australia and are about to speculate in Canada, he says: "The English institutions publish a very small list of approved pieces a year in advance. I am convinced that this system is bad, narrowing the candidate's range of work, preventing that comprehensive study which is necessary to a qualified teacher or artist. It makes vice of a virtue; sight-reading becomes lamentably defective; the study of new work becomes more difficult; the training and ability to direct the will power with rapid facility depend on new studies, not on the constant repetition of old ones. If an official list of pieces and studies is to be published, it should at least represent a fair year's work. I cannot understand how such truly able and masterful musicians as are connected with the leading English institutions can give their names and lend their sanction to examinations so terribly weak and inadequate." Mr. Peake is one of the most loyal of Englishmen, but like many equally loyal British subjects both in Canada and Australia, he finds it difficult to understand why Imperial Federation should mean the wholesale adoption of English educational ideas by the colonies. It would be as logical to expect Canada to adopt Old Country railway methods.

The splendid artistic triumph won by the famous French basso, M. Pol Plancon, on the occasion of his first appearance in Toronto at the recent concert given in Massey Hall, proved the most substantial of advertisements for the concert given in the Armories on Monday evening last, at which the eminent singer again appeared as the central attraction. Notwithstanding the immense size of the Armories and the very uncomfortable temperature of the building, on Monday evening the great basso again won a most brilliant success, which reached its climax in Schumann's remarkable creation, The Two Grenadiers. Enthusiastic encores and recalls were, of course, the order of the evening. Indeed, in this respect the immense audience showed but little discrimination, all the performers being equally warmly encored despite very evident variation in their artistic calibre, and regardless of the fact that many were suffering great personal discomfort through the senseless prolonging of the programme with the thermometer at freezing point. A genuine success was won by Miss Beverley Robinson in Bevan's military ballad, The Soldier Boys of England. As an encore to this, Miss Robinson gave a very artistic rendering of the plaintive Irish ballad, Killarney. Miss Frances World, whose first notable public appearance was made in the Armories several years ago, was warmly received by the audience and compelled to respond to a demand for an encore. The other assisting artists were: Mr. Hubert de Blanck, pianist; Mr. Ernest du Damaine, violinist, and Madame d'Alvigny, contralto. The Queen's Own Rifles Male Chorus Club, under Captain Huntington's direction, also took part. The artistic accompaniments of Mrs. Blight deserve special mention.

A charming programme of music was rendered at the studio of Miss Mary Hewitt Smart on Wednesday afternoon of last week, the occasion being the second musicale of a series instituted by this successful teacher and vocalist. Miss Smart sang in excellent tone and with rare expression Becher's Springtide, Granier's Easter Song, and the following delightful group of songs: Schubert's Hark! Hark, the Lark; Chadwick's Thou Art so Like a Flower; MacDowell's Thy Beaming Eyes; Luckstone's Lullaby, and Roger's At Parting. A song by Miss Idington, one of Miss Smart's most talented pupils, was much admired. The recital was of special interest because of several piano selections by Miss Mary Mara, who on this occasion was heard for the first time by many of her friends since her return from Germany. Miss Mara played a Chopin Prelude and Liszt's transcription of Mendelssohn's Auf Flügeln des Gesanges in thoroughly artistic and brilliant style. Characteristics of Miss Mara's playing prior to her departure for Germany some years ago were a warm musical tone, and a refinement and breadth of style which always rendered her performances attractive. These features of her work have developed in strength and beauty, and she now fairly ranks as one of the most effective of local pianists. Mr. Charles Wagner played several violin solos with marked effect, and contributed much to the success of the event. The fine tone of the Knabe grand piano loaned by Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming was the subject of much favorable comment during the afternoon. The accompaniments were beautifully played by Mrs. H. M. Blight.

A new "College" has been organized in England, its specialty being the granting of certificates, at certain stated sums, to successful candidates in sight-singing tests. The holders of these certificates will probably take the same solid comfort from them as is the case with a Toronto choir singer, who holds some sort of a certificate granted by one or other of the innumerable certificate-peddling concerns of the Old Country. This particular chorister warmly resented a suggestion from the choir-master of a certain Toronto church (in which he was permitted to sing for a time), that he was not in the habit of singing the correct notes in his chorus work. He said: "What! do yer mean ter say that I am good for nothin' at sight-readin'? Why, I 'old a certificate signed by some of the gyttest men in Hingland. I want yer to understand that I don't take no guff from no hordinary bloomin' 'Canydian.' Needless to say this singer 'resigned' in short order and has since been trying to impress others of our resident choirmasters with his ability, all to no purpose however. There seems to be something abominably and persistently perverse about many colonial musicians. Somehow or other they will insist upon the holder of a 'certificate' doing his own work and not ringing in his certificate or diploma to do it for him. Truly we are a peculiar people.

A large audience gathered at the hall of the Conservatory of Music on Monday evening last to hear a recital by pupils of Mr. Rechab Tandy of the vocal department of the institution. The vocal pupils who took part were: Mrs. J. W. Walker, Misses Alberta Murray, Therese Wegener, C. Louise Tandy, Maud Boyce, Carrie Davidson, Marie Wheeler, and Messrs. Ernest Coulthard and J. C. Levack. The programme was made up of an admirably varied selection of standard ballads, operatic arias, concert songs and concerted compositions, in all of which the careful training received by the pupils was in constant evidence. A very enjoyable feature of the recital was the rendering of a number of old English songs by Mr. Tandy, whose artistic singing furnished an object lesson to his pupils as well as to the large and deeply interested audience present. A capably played violin solo by Miss Louise C. Fulton and an admirable bit of piano-playing by Miss Bessie Cowan, pupils respectively of Mrs. Adamson and Mr. Fisher, won for these talented students hearty recalls. The recital throughout was a gratifying success upon which Mr. Tandy may be congratulated.

Herr Theodore Wihmayer's piano recital attracted a very large and critical audience to Association Hall on the evening of March 17. The programme chosen by Herr Wihmayer, which was one well calculated to test his musicianship, technical facility and endurance, embraced the following numbers: (a) Beethoven, Andante favori; (b) Rubinstein, Barcarolle G Minor; (c) Chopin, Six Preludes; Chopin, (a) Nocturno, (b) Barcarolle; Liszt, Benediction de Dieu dans la Solitude, Moderato, Andante, Allegro Moderato; Liszt, Rhapsodie, No. 14. Herr Wihmayer's playing created a most favorable impression and aroused the audience to warm demonstrations of applause. He displayed a well developed technique, a clean-cut tone, and above all a musical intelligence of a very high order. The vocalist was Mrs. Frank Macklean of Hamilton, the popular contralto, whose artistic singing of several well chosen ballads proved a very enjoyable feature of the recital. Mr. E. Pearce played the accompaniments with good judgment. The success of the recital should encourage Herr Wihmayer to arrange for another at an early date.

The London, England, Daily Telegraph is now bringing its editorial big-guns to bear on Canadian critics of the examinations about to be introduced into this benighted country by the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music. In a recent article the musical editor of the paper mentioned waxes very facetious over the matter. Like other writers, however, who have objected to Canadian criticism of the practical joke which the Associated Board seeks to perpetrate upon Canadians in the shape of its "examinations," he seems blissfully unconscious of the fact that the real humor of his contribution to the subject is contained in a paragraph in which he endeavors to be serious. In this particular paragraph he innocently and solemnly refers to the Associated Board's projected kindergarten examinations in Canada as a "mission!" This discounts, by a very large margin, Mr. Aitken's "Imperial Federation" and "philanthropy" buncombe.

A very successful musicale was given by Miss Campbell Stotesbury at her studio, 18 Grange Avenue, on Tuesday evening of last week. Miss Stotesbury was assisted by her pupils and M. Lou Sajous, the well known baritone. Miss Stotesbury's home is rapidly becoming a very popular center with many music-loving people, and this musicale proved no exception to the interesting character of her entertainments. The many numbers presented were greatly appreciated by the invited guests. Among the pupils who took part were: Miss Amy Redway, Miss Elda Idle, Miss May Magson, Mrs. Walker, and Master Norman Fraser. Many were the comments on the artistic singing of these talented vocal students, several of whom were warmly encored. M. Lou Sajous was in excellent form, having quite recovered from his recent illness. He sang two numbers a very effective manner, his rich baritone voice and musical style being particularly admired. Miss Annie McKay made an efficient accompanist.

Mr. Frank Welsman, the talented local piano soloist, returned to the city on Tuesday last from a most successful concert tour. He gave recitals in Ottawa and Quebec, and at both places scored pronounced successes. The Quebec Daily Mercury of March 19 says of Mr. Welsman's playing: "The representative audience which attended the performance at the Academy of Music last night was charmed and delighted with the playing of the piano virtuoso, Frank S. Welsman. Mr. Welsman's wonderful technique and broad interpretation of the masterpieces he performed bore the stamp of intellectuality and deep feeling. Although yet very young, Mr. Welsman has reached such a standard that we may safely share in Prof. Krause's prediction for the artist a very brilliant career." Ottawa papers are equally enthusiastic regarding the young pianist's

sterling performances. His technique, style and musicianship generally are very warmly praised.

The concert to be given in Massey Hall on Good Friday evening by the Apollo Choir, under Mr. T. C. Jeffers' direction, assisted by such eminent talent as Mr. Evan Williams, the popular New York tenor; Mr. Leo Stern, the famous English 'cellist; Miss Besse Bonsall, the gifted Canadian contralto, and Miss Ida McLean, the well known soprano, will be an event of unusual interest to local music-lovers. Mr. Jeffers has arranged a most admirable programme, and with such an array of talent and with popular prices Massey Hall should prove too small to hold the audience which should be present on this occasion.

On the evening of March 31 a complimentary concert will be given to M. Walther, the well-known local violinist, who leaves Toronto in the near future for the Pacific Coast. An attractive programme has been arranged for this occasion, in which the following talent will participate: Miss Beverley Robinson, soprano; Miss Ada E. S. Hart, pianiste, Mrs. Alton H. Garrett; Mrs. H. M. Blight, accompanist; Miss Lillian Burns, elocutionist; Monsieur F. X. Mercier, tenor; Signor P. Delasco, basso; Mr. Alfred Beardmore, baritone, and the benefiactre, Monsieur Walther. Tickets of admission may be purchased from M. Walther.

J. H. Lewis, "Mus. Doc." (Suwanee University, Tennessee), who was connected with the "University" of Church Musicians, Kansas, and who is still connected with the Guild of Church Musicians of London, England, (an institution, by the way, which had considerable trouble some time ago owing to its connection with the unfortunate Kansas concern) is also principal of the Victoria College of Music of London, England, an examining body which has secured as its "patrons" the Marquis of Lorne and the Earl of Dartmouth!

On Tuesday evening next the choir of Westminster Presbyterian church, Bloor street east, will give a service of song. The choir, which is now under Mr. E. Lye's efficient leadership, will render a number of selections and will have the assistance of Mrs. Maggie Barr Fenwick, the popular Scottish songstress; Mr. Giuseppe Dinelli, solo organist; the Toronto Male Quartette, and others. A silver collection will be taken up.

Miss C. Louise Tandy, daughter of Mr. Rechab Tandy, vocal specialist, left for England this week accompanied by her mother. It is Miss Tandy's intention to pursue a course of study in London under some of the most eminent musicians of that great musical center. She expects to return to Toronto in September next.

A concert will be given in the theater of the Normal School this afternoon at four o'clock, in aid of the Ladies' League of School Art. An excellent programme has been arranged by Miss Gurney and Miss Thom, in which Mrs. (Dr.) Garrett, Miss Mary Mara, Mr. W. E. Rundle and Mr. Paul Hahn will take part.

Miss Fannie Sullivan, the popular director of the choir of the church of Our Lady of Lourdes, was recently offered the position of choir director of St. Michael's cathedral, but through pressure from friends of the former choir declined the offer.

A piano recital will be given on Tuesday evening next at the warehouses of Messrs. R. S. Williams & Sons by pupils of Miss Florence Brown, assisted by Mr. Buley, 'cellist, and Mr. Bruce Bradley, tenor. A collection will be taken up in aid of the Sick Children's Hospital.

Mrs. Farrini, a recent addition to the musical forces of the city, who studied the piano under such famous masters as Reinecke, Paul, Klindworth, and the great Liszt, purposes taking a limited number of pupils in piano-playing at her residence on Charles street.

Mr. A. T. Cringan's sight-reading classes at the Conservatory of Music are attracting wide attention among local singers. Advanced classes have been formed and several classes are now being arranged for beginners.

"What intensely red hair that young man has!" exclaimed Maud; "I'm surprised that you seem to like him so well." "Oh," replied Mamie, "I don't like him very well. I never invite him to anything but pink teas."—Washington Star.

Mr. Monterey—It used to be said that "Truth lies at the bottom of a well." Mr. Esplanade—I know. Mr. Monterey—Now it lies at the bottom of Havana harbor, and divers are trying to bring it up.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Flick—Call him a musician! Why, he doesn't know the difference between a nocturne and a symphony. Flack—You don't mean it? And they hurry to get away from one another. Each is terribly afraid that the other will ask: "By the way, what is the difference?"—Boston Transcript.

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Social and Personal.

The sad death of Mrs. Edward Harris (nee Ryerson) caused many a heart to ache on receipt of the news. A bright, lovable and true woman, a staunch friend and a clever and quick-witted companion, Mrs. Harris had legions of friends both here and in London, where she so long resided. Sincere sympathy is everywhere expressed for her bereaved husband and her relatives, so well known in Toronto. The funeral took place on Tuesday. Many will recall the charming little lady, in her pretty Normandy fishwife garb, as one of the brightest guests at the Victorian Era ball.

Mr. Fred Roper and Miss Roper have returned home after a fortnight's visit with friends in Montreal.

Cards of invitation have been issued for this evening for an ensemble piano recital by pupils of Mr. Torrington in the hall of the College of Music, Pembroke street, at eight o'clock. The programme embraces vocal music also.

Mrs. B. B. Cronyn and her three lovely little children left on Wednesday to spend a month in London with Mr. and Mrs. Verschoyle Cronyn, Mr. Cronyn's parents.

I saw a couple of exquisite frocks at Stitt's this week which have been ordered for a fair and graceful lady, formerly of Toronto, but now of Montreal, to rend the envious hearts of Southern friends, and make of said lady a picture fair to see. Lady Aberdeen, by the way, has been everywhere admired in her Toronto gowns, and writes very graciously that she is perfectly satisfied with the costumes sent on after her to Ottawa by Stitt. The gowns which I saw Wednesday are the handiwork and design of clever Madame Belanger, who is an artist and has never-failing ideas for her customers. Lady Aberdeen will probably order her summer frocks from Toronto, as so many smart Easterners are now doing.

Never more bright and cheery was the genial ex-Lieut. Governor, Sir George Kirkpatrick, than on Monday evening, when he occupied a seat of honor in the officers' gallery to hear Plancon. Her ladyship looked stunning in a black and white gown, with a posy of scarlet flowers, and many a pretty smile and nod of greeting came from the handsome pair to well-pleased friends below. Sir Oliver was not present, but Miss Mowat and a smart party were in the center of the *parterre* which bloomed aloft in the officers' gallery, and what with dashing colonels, majors, and lesser lights and their feminine adornments in best bib and tucker, the array in that particular gallery was a brave one. Mrs. Pellatt looked extremely well in a light ball gown and a sumptuous cloak, her wealth of golden hair beautifully arranged as usual. Mrs. Jack Murray was also handsome and smart. The concert was very lengthy, owing to the number of encores. People are growling about this, and rightly—the nuisance is so easily done away with by the management simply refusing to give more than is on the programme.

Mr. Cody's lecture on Tuesday evening at St. Peter's was a delightful study of the Cathedrals of England, and a packed audience enjoyed it and the beautiful limelight views to the utmost.

Rev. Charles and Mrs. Rutten have rented their house furnished and will board this summer.

A most encouraging prospect having opened for Monsieur Bernhard Walther, he and his charming wife will probably leave shortly for the North-West. On next Tuesday evening a benefit concert is to be given Mr. Walther by a very strong artistic *coterie* of friends and well-wishers in St. George's Hall, for which a fine audience is expected.

"Who is to be married after Easter?" is a query flying about. It is known that several young ladies are absorbed in a most unusual degree in shopping, and are dancing attendance on the fashionable dressmakers. We shall see!

Mrs. Bromley Davenport, who is now visiting Mrs. George Dunstan, is taking a kindly interest in the play for the Easter week entertainment by the 48th Highlanders. Mr. A. McLean Macdonell, whose illness kept him so long a prisoner, is also picking up his part and the play bids fair to go splendidly.

Miss Pennington of London, who has been visiting various friends in Toronto during the winter, returned home this week.

Miss Adah Kennedy of Buffalo is a welcome visitor in Toronto, the guest of Mrs. Jaffray.

Mrs. Walter S. Lee gave a large afternoon reception yesterday at her hospitable home in Jarvis street.

A *musical* in aid of the building fund of St. Enoch's church will be given at the home of Mr. James P. McIntosh, 50 Metcalfe street. The singing of the Sherlock Male Quartette will be the principal feature of the affair.

After the Plancon concert a group of Frenchmen took possession of the big basso, and what a good time they did have to be sure!


Mrs. Palmer of College street has gone to Clifton Springs. Her long illness has quite shut her away from the gay doings of the past season, and it is hoped her complete recovery may not be long delayed.

Mrs. Gerald Ball of Sherbourne street is on a visit to Atlantic City, N.J.

On Thursday and Friday of next week the annual mission sale and high tea at St. Peter's school-house will attract a large and jolly crowd of visitors, as usual.

Miss Michie gave a luncheon on Tuesday. Several other small luncheons have occupied the hours which can be spared these days from the buying and the trying-on of the ante-Easter season.

Miss Katherine Birney, the clever pianist, has been suffering from tonsillitis for a fortnight, but is now better.



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TORONTO

Pol Plancon

and the Heintzman Piano

"The great basso, Plancon, sang before an audience of about five thousand people at the Armories last night"—*Toronto Mail and Empire*.

The most notable musical event given in Canada during the season 1897-98 was unquestionably the Plancon Concert in the Toronto Armories on the evening of March 21st, under the auspices of the Queen's Own Rifles of Toronto and the direction of Mr. Charles A. E. Harriss. Monsieur Pol Plancon, the great French basso, had purposely deferred his sailing for Paris so as not to disappoint the Canadian public, and to the grandeur of his voice the splendid proportions of the structure were well suited. The Toronto Armories comprise within their four walls the largest building in Canada, and the main hall measures 280 x 82 feet. Such a structure offered a severe test for a piano, and only an instrument of the highest quality and power would be effectual. The Heintzman & Co. Concert Grand was especially selected for the occasion, and not the least among the triumphs of the evening was the success achieved by the piano. Its splendid resonance, its dynamic expression, and its superb singing quality filled the hall, while even the pianissimo passages and the lightest shades of tone color were heard in the farthest confines of the vast auditorium. In the words of the *Toronto Globe*:

"Even the daintiest efforts of the pianist were wafted with an ease that did not necessitate straining the ear in the least."

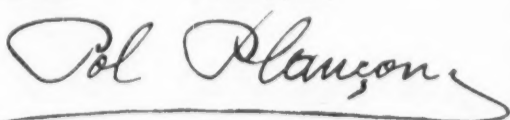
The following lines from Monsieur Plancon evidence the great singer's appreciation:

TORONTO, March 22, 1898.

MESSRS. HEINTZMAN & CO., TORONTO:

DEAR SIRS,—In singing to your piano last night at the Armories it afforded me the greatest pleasure to know that so fine an instrument is manufactured in Canada.

Faithfully yours,



It is more than noticeable that Madame Albani, August Hyllested, the great Danish pianist; Nutini, the famous blind Italian pianist; Hubert de Blanck, pianist at the Plancon concerts; Katherine Bloodgood, Madame Van Der Veer Green, and others of the world's great artists in their visits to Canada invariably select a Heintzman & Co. piano. The fact is its own argument.

Toronto Warerooms, 117 King Street West

The annual concert of the Parkdale Collegiate Institute will be held in the Assembly Hall of the school on the evening of April 1. An excellent programme is being prepared, containing numbers by several well known artists and a play by the dramatic club of the Institute.

Mrs. Neville's *musical* last week was very largely attended and much enjoyed by a cultured and representative party. The kindly welcome of the mistress of Rolleston House always makes her guests ready for a happy hour in her pleasant home.

THE LADIES OF TORONTO
Are attending in increased numbers, the

VI-
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48TH HIGHLANDERS
With a strong cast of amateurs, under the direction of MIL. HARRY RICH.

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Matinee and Evening, April 14, 15 and 16

Tickets for sale at Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer's music store, or Messrs. Michie & Co.'s stores. Reserved Seats, 75 and 50 cents. General Admission, 50 and 25 cents. Matinee Admission, 25 cents. Reserved Seats, 30 cents. Plan of reserved seats opens at Messrs. Nordheimer's on March 31.

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Social and Personal.

Of our invalids whom one is delighted to see out for an airing, Colonel Sweny is heartily congratulated by everyone, and Mr. Harmon Brown gaily predicts his own speedy restoration to his usual health. Miss Madge Gooderham, who has been laid up for weeks, is also, I am glad to say, convalescing.

Colonel Eyde has gone to Montreal to enter on his new duties, having been welcomed and much liked by everyone in Toronto. Mrs. Eyde will soon come across to reside in Canada.

At Stanley Barracks on Monday evening a jolly "smoker" was given to the non-commissioned officers and men of No. 2 Company, R.R.C.I., who expected to go to the Klondike. They were the guests of those who expected to remain, but now it seems who is to go and who is to stay is rather an unanswered question. In the meantime, parting through the medium of a smoker must be rather enjoyable sorrow.

Mr. Edwin Rood of New York and Detroit, who is introduced by Mr. Harold Jarvis to some Toronto friends, is in town for a few weeks.

At the annual meeting of the Home for Incurables the Board was the recipient of a fine portrait of the late esteemed Mrs. Cumberland, presented by her son, Mr. Barlow Cumberland, with inspiring and earnest words, and received with grateful appreciation.

I am requested to mention that there is no truth in the reported engagement of Miss H. Graham to Mr. J. Macdonald.

I have no doubt there are others, but I have been told of at least seven bank clerks bound for the cold gold regions—Messrs. Wood, Cartwright and Merritt from the Imperial, Mr. Snel from the Molsons, Mr. Harry Helliwell from the Dominion, and Messrs. Nourse and Stevenson from the Commerce. The last two go in the interests of the bank, but the others have cut adrift from the big institutions, determined evidently to "make a spoon or spoil a horn."

I hear that charming Mrs. Kirchhoffer and her young daughter are to spend some time on the West Coast for change of air.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrow are in Chicago, stopping at the Auditorium, near Mrs. Conger's residence in Michigan Boulevard.

The engagement of Mr. Clouston, inspector of the Bank of Montreal, and Miss Evelyn Campbell, also of Montreal, is announced.

Mrs. Fred Rose returned on Friday from a pleasant visit with friends in Galt.

Miss Adele Spry of London is visiting Mrs. Fred Jacobi of 73 Collier street.

Miss Dora Pack of 598 Huron street leaves today for a year's visit in England.

Dangerous Knowledge.

"So he is a Frenchman? And a fugitive from justice?"
"Yes. In his own country he is under suspicion of having guilty knowledge of the innocence of one who has been convicted and imprisoned."

There is a Dressy Grace to be Considered.

Excellent sewing, excellent cutting, excellent trimmings, excellence at every point in matter of materials and making, but back of it all must be the man with the idea—the artist so to speak—the man with the individuality who can give just those touches in the making of a suit of clothes that ensures the grace, the elegance and the highest degree of style and good appearance; this much and more is claimed for Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block; it is never gainsaid. There's that about the clothing he makes, which places him at a point *par excellence*—appropriate to this and the season is the suggestion of the fine and complete range of high-class woollens Mr. T. has imported for the present season's trade. He has bought with the idea of having almost everything that's to be considered the proper fabric in weave, design and colorings, and yet with that exclusiveness which places his assortment far remote from common.

Utility of Gas Ranges.

They Are Now Used on the Empire State Express.

The New York Central's Empire State Express is not only the fastest long distance train in the world, but it is the best known train, the best timekeeper and the most popular train of its character ever operated.
The management of the New York Central and Wagner Palace Car companies are constantly introducing improvements in their service. It is now conceded by travelers that the New York Central stands at the head of passenger railways on this continent, and the Wagner Palace Car company has no equal.
The latest improvement on the Empire State Express is the introduction of gas ranges in the buffet cars, where steaks, chops, broilers, ham

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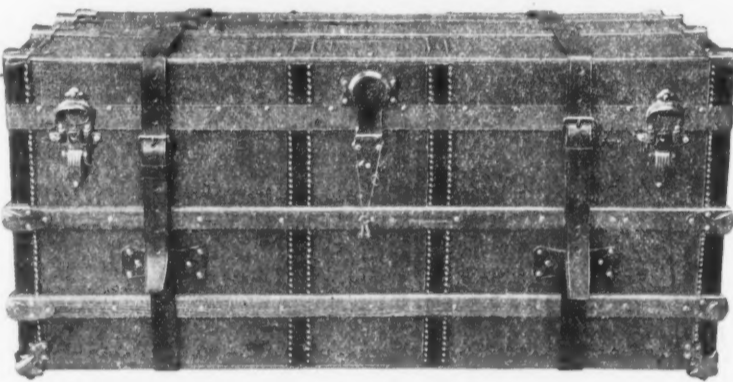
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and eggs, etc., are cooked as quickly and as deliciously as in any metropolitan hotel or restaurant. An idea of the popularity of this new feature of the Wagner service can be obtained from the fact that in the month of January 1,243 orders for steaks, chops, broilers, etc., were filled on this one train alone, and to the satisfaction of the passengers. Here are the orders in detail:

Steak	503
Tenderloin steaks	38
Mutton and English chops	389
Broilers	151
Quail	44
Ham and Eggs	28
Total	1,243

These orders average less than 38 cents each. To those who have been so long accustomed to canned meats, canned soups, canned beans, etc., a steak or chop, hot from the fire and done to a turn, is a revelation, and when the moderate prices charged for this service are considered, there is absolutely nothing left to be desired.—Albany Argus, February 27, 1908.

Fauber Claims Infringement.

W. H. Fauber has brought suit against the McKnight & Dornitz Drop Forge Co. of Buffalo for infringement of the Fauber one-piece crank-axle patent. The Buffalo people made axles for a number of Fauber licensees and, Mr. Fauber alleges, sold the axles to unlicensed makers or assemblers as well. Attorney Pool, representing Mr. Fauber, was in New York this week in connection with the case.

Our Boys and Girls.

It is a fact that success in life is not best measured by dollars and cents, but rather by the results which accrue from the cultivation of those forces and faculties with which nature has endowed the individual. Our own land offers the best facilities under the sun for the general education of our young people, and in this respect the modern business training school plays a most important part. The Central Business College of Toronto seems to be a recognized leader among such institutions, judging from the excellent character of the work it is doing. The spring term in this school, which continues from April 1 to June 30, is an opportunity time for a short course of study along practical lines, and doubtless many young people of our province will avail themselves of the superior advantages this popular college offers. See advertisement in this issue.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb.

Births.

ARNOLD—Collingwood, March 18, Mrs. H. D. Arnold—a son.
CHAPMAN—Hamilton, March 20, Mrs. Walter P. Chapman—a daughter.
HELLIWELL—March 21, Mrs. A. A. Helliwell—a son.
HAMILTON—Regina, N.W.T., March 11, Mrs. W. C. Hamilton—a daughter.
LOGIE—March 2, Mrs. George Logie—a daughter.
YOGT—March 19, Mrs. A. P. Yogi—a daughter.
MONKMAN—Barrie, March 21, Mrs. George Monkman—a son.

Marriages.

HARSTON—Windsor—March 22, Leonard Harstone to Beatrice Maud Wind-or.
YOUNG—BALDWIN—March 21, Alva Youngmans to Ellen Baldwin.
HEWSON—LUNDY—March 21, Thomas R. Hewson, C.E., to Margaret M. Lundy.
RENNICK—STODIART—Bolton, March 21, Gerrard G. Rennick to Annie C. Stodiart.
ROPER—CARSON—March 17, W. F. Roper to A. Ico T. Carson.

Deaths.

POTTER—March 21, Milner Potter, aged 88.
PRIESTLY—March 19, Robert S. Priestly.
ELWOOD—Barrie, March 20, Mary Elwood, aged 78.
HARRIS—March 20, Sophia Harris.
SHUTTLEWORTH—March 18, Rev. John Shuttleworth, aged 82.
ROBIN—March 16, Philip V. Robin, aged 68.
STEWART—Stayner, March 17, David A. Stewart, aged 67.
DAVIS—York, March 17, Robert Davis.
BIGGAR—Winnipeg, March 17, John H. Biggar, aged 70.
BUINS—March 25, Thos. L. Buins, aged 20.
NEWCOMBE—Sandwich, March 22, Dr. Wm. Newcombe.

Watson's Cough Drops

Will Stop Your Cough Instantly and produce a soothing effect upon the vocal organs. TRY THEM.



The only Old and Reliable Remedy for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Colds, etc.
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LEEMING, MILES & CO., 38 St. Sulpice Street, Montreal.

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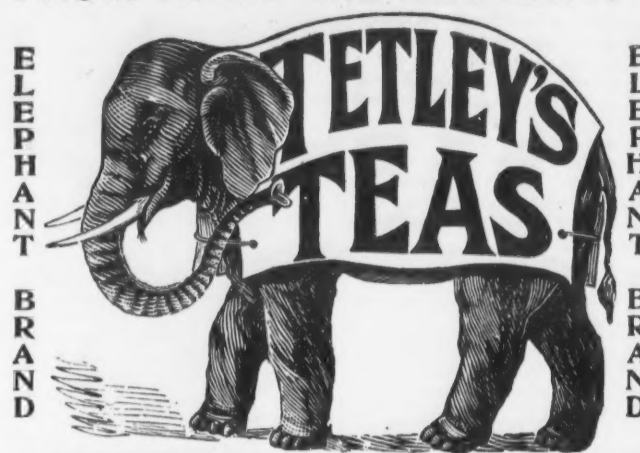
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